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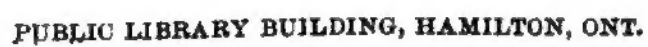
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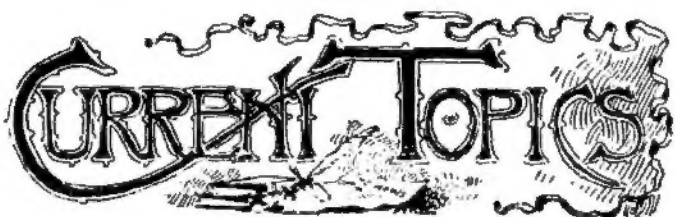
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SOLE AGENTS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM

4th OCTOBER, 1890.

NOTICE OF REMOVAL.

The business and editorial offices of "The Dominion Illustrated" have been removed from 73 St. James Street to the general offices of the Sabiston Lithographic and Publishing Co., Gazette Building, Montreal.



In no respect has Canada's progress in recent years been more noteworthy than in the comprehensiveness and solidity of the public works that have reached or are approaching successful completion. The latter half of the present generation will, indeed, be gratefully remembered by posterity for the thoughtful provision thus made for the needs of an increasing population and a vastly expanded volume of business. Among structures made, not for a day, but for coming centuries, one that has aroused the admiration of neighbours not always too prone to commend, is the St. Mary's Ship Canal. The bill for its construction was passed in the spring of 1889, and on the 1st of May in that year the contractors, Messrs. Ryan and Haney, began work with a staff of 250 men, which in March last was increased to 400, and next year will be raised to 700 or 800. The water power is derived from the adjacent rapids. The plan of excavation is by derricks worked by compressed air, each of which removes 100 cubic yards a day. These derricks are set up at intervals of 120 feet on each side of the lock-pit, the excavation of which is now completed. The entire length of the canal is 3,700 feet. At each end there will be piers, with beacons, 900 feet long. The lock will have a depth of 18½ feet of water over the mitre sill at low-water mark, a breadth of 85 feet from wall to wall, and of 65 at the gates, the space between which will be 600 feet. The lock walls will be of gray limestone, quarried near Amherstburg, the floor of the lock-pit of concrete, the filling culvert extending the entire length down the centre. The gates will be of oak, and, with the valves, will be operated by hydraulic power. It is expected that the masonry of the lock will be completed before the fall of next year, and that the entire canal will be ready for lockages about this time two years. This is a triumph which may well add prestige to the 250th anniversary of the foundation of Canada's commercial metropolis—the quarter-centennial of Columbus's discovery.

A remark, of a practical import which all Montrealers and all persons west of Montreal interested in the trade with the West Indies will be sure to recognize, was made by the Hon. G. A. Drummond, in seconding the vote of thanks to Mr. A. Brown, M.P., for his address on the Jamaica Exhibition before the Board of Trade of this city. Mr. Drummond pointed out the vital importance of having the vessels engaged in the trade brought to our own wharves. As our readers are aware, the line is at present run only from the chief ports of the Maritime Provinces, so that commodities sent to the island, from the interior of Canada, are subjected to long transport by rail before being shipped at St. John, a plan which, apart from its inconvenience, is anything but beneficial to

products like cheese, butter and eggs. If ever our possession of this trade is to be an accomplished fact, an effort must be made to have the present arrangement altered in our favour. "It was utterly impossible," as Mr. Drummond insisted and as his colleagues on the Board of Trade were equally convinced, "that trade with the British West Indies could ever take the development it should have until we had proper facilities for shipment, and that could only be secured by bringing the vessels up here." It is to be hoped that Senator Drummond's suggestion will receive the attention that it deserves, and that steps will be promptly taken to give his recommendation effect with as little delay as possible.

The St. John (N.B.) Exhibition was no exception to the traditions of that thrifty and enterprising city. The inauguration was worthy of the importance of the event, and lacked no feature that could add prestige to the occasion. The address by Sir Leonard Tilley contained an interesting survey of the principal classes of exhibits. He directed special attention to the collection of West India products, and his remarks on the subject were extremely opportune and likely to be fruitful. It is becoming clearer and clearer to the minds of Canadians (and the crisis through which we are just now passing makes it advisable that this point should be emphasized) that there are few countries better adapted, by relative situation, common allegiance and comparative proximity, for commercial intercourse than the British West Indies and the Dominion of Canada. The exhibits at St. John will give our merchants a foretaste of the fuller display of West Indian goods to be seen at the approaching Jamaica Exhibition. Our business men have dallied too long in pushing the trade with our fellow-colonists as its importance demanded, but the time has come when we must make the most of the outlet or suffer from our neglect. What Sir Leonard Tilley said of the improvement of horses and cattle, of more attention to scientific farming, of systematic dairying with a view to special markets, was all in season. He gave excellent advice on the subject of exporting cheese and butter, as well as cattle, to England. Here again our farmers must make up their minds once and for all. Our cheese is already a favourite in England. Our butter may be made acceptable. In the matter of cattle, we have, as Sir Leonard said, advantages over the American exporter. The trade with England, then, must be built up. The incalculable benefit of the fisheries was also dwelt on, and it was pointed out that every province in the Dominion was represented at the Exhibition. The exhibits of Manitoba and British Columbia were highly commended. Altogether the Exhibition was a credit to St. John and to the Dominion, of the varied wealth of which it gave an admirable illustration.

The Belgium Labour Congress that met a few weeks ago was mainly engaged in the discussion of universal suffrage, and of the means of exerting pressure on the Legislature so as to bring it to pass. It was resolved by a large majority to hold monster demonstrations in the chief towns of the kingdom on the Sunday preceding the opening of parliament, at which processions and addresses would be salient features. These demonstrations are not regarded with the apprehension that used to prevail some years ago. It has been found, indeed, that there is much less peril in allowing the labouring classes reasonable liberty than in persistent repression by the strong hand of power. The old restrictions on free speech simply drove men to secret combination and conspiracy, which working underground, as it were, ultimately produced those very convulsions which authority would fain have prevented. When men are free to express their opinions and to state their grievances, they have no temptation to conspire against the established order of things. Even socialism, which not long since was a name of terror, has been robbed, to a great extent, of its power for mischief, by having the fullest scope for submitting its claims to the public. The recent Trades-Union Congress in England made it evident that no section of the community was less disposed to

have its time wasted by brawling theorists than that of earnest and busy workmen who, in desiring to better their own condition, had no desire to pull down the fabric of society about the ears of their fellow-citizens. There is, nevertheless, a danger, which it would be folly to ignore, in the recent revival of internationalism on a new and practical basis. This movement, originated in London nearly twenty years ago, and it is in London that it has had its latest development—a development which recognizes the solidarity of organized labour all over the world. The first fruit of this recognition has been the help afforded to the Australian strikers—help prompted in part by gratitude on the part of the dockmen, but which is essentially the enforcement of the new principle. The unanimous adoption at the Brussels Congress of the principle of a general strike is a clear following up of the same line of policy. No date has been fixed for giving effect to the resolution, but that such a menace should be openly aimed at every branch of industry, reveals a situation the gravity of which can hardly be overestimated.

It is a noteworthy coincidence that just as Mr. Webster, the immigration agent, who had gone to South Dakota to inquire into the circumstances of the Canadians settled in that State who had suffered from disastrous crop failures, was presenting his report to the Government, a fresh deputation of British farmers should have arrived in the North-West. Mr. Loundsbury, formerly of Elgin, Ont., but who had for some years been residing in Dakota, was selected by Mr. Webster to make a tour in Manitoba and the Territories with a view to comparing the land there with that of the States south of the boundary line. He expressed much surprise at the contrast, and has taken samples of the cereals of Western Canada to show the farmers of Dakota. Messrs. Wood, Simmons, Pitt and Stevenson, the British delegates, cannot but be impressed with this movement for the repatriation of Canadians who had left their own country to better themselves and are now glad to avail themselves of the chance of returning and taking up land in our own North-West. The previous delegations were fruitful in disseminating correct views as to the soil, climate, resources and institutions of our prairie region, and we have no doubt that the gentlemen who have lately begun their tour of inquiry will carry home a mass of fresh information as to the capabilities of Canada for settlement. The extension of railroad communication during the last five years has made every portion of the North-West accessible to the tourist, so that Mr. Wood and his colleagues will have much better opportunities of forming a judgment as to the country's extent and resources than any of their predecessors were favoured with.

The Chicago Times some weeks ago published an enthusiastic account of British Columbia, contributed by a young English barrister who had interests in some of the provincial mines. This gentleman, Mr. Charles Baring, was astonished and delighted at the various signs of natural wealth that he met in the course of his journey. The forests, with their variety of precious woods, the diversity of minerals, the delightful climate, all won his admiration. He was surprised to find cities like Victoria and Vancouver, and the rapid growth of the latter was a marvel to him. The presence in British Columbia of Prof. Bryce, M.P., has offered a still more noteworthy opportunity of making known in the Mother Country the grand economic features of the Western Province. The distinguished author and traveller was greeted on both the island and mainland with a fervour of welcome in accordance with his high deserts, and his visit is sure to bear good fruit in many ways. It is gratifying to see that the celebrities of Great Britain who some years ago were too much inclined to pass us by and to devote their attention almost wholly to our neighbours have of late been attracted to Canada, whose people, resources, scenery and institutions have been the theme of several remarkable studies in the English press.

A novel dramatic enterprise has lately been attracting Parisian theatre-goers. It is the presentation of pieces in which the dialogue consists entirely of signs. The idea originated with M. Victor L'Épée—a name glorious in the annals of philanthropy. Indeed, this gentleman is of the family of the illustrious Abbé, whose devotion to the cause of the deaf-mute has made his memory as immortal as it is blessed. Those who have watched the play of feature and eloquence of gesture with which the speechless can make their feelings, thoughts and wishes known to each other need not to be told how susceptible the intelligent deaf-mute may be of training for the stage. The opening performance of this strange theatre was given with a play expressly prepared for the actors by one of themselves, a young man named Varenne, who joins to high literary talent an acknowledged genius for painting. "L'Amour et la Mort," as the piece is called, was well adapted to bring out in effective pantomime the strength of passion and delicate shades of sentiment which other actors express by words as well as movement. The success of the undertaking will, probably, cause the example to be followed in other countries.

THE DUTY OF THE HOUR.

Some of our readers can, no doubt, recall the state of things that preceded the conclusion, through Lord Elgin's efforts, of the Reciprocity Treaty. They may also be able to recollect that, although that measure gave general satisfaction to the Canada of that time (Ontario and Quebec), its provisions were by no means welcome to the Maritime Provinces. Indeed, Lord Elgin, who had already been a martyr to his convictions in Western Canada, was accused by the coast population of sacrificing the interests of the fishermen to his desire to stand well with the Americans. The Reciprocity dispensation was not all halcyon, therefore, and, if only the laws had been strictly enforced on the alien fishing-boats in the years following its cessation, there was a considerable minority that would have welcomed the refusal of the Washington authorities to renew it. On the other hand, the benefits that it brought to the mass of our people were great and obvious. The aggregate of trade between British North America and the United States increased during the thirteen years of the treaty's operation from an annual average of \$14,230,763 (in the eight years previous) to \$50,339,770 in the final year. It must, of course, be remembered that the closing years of the Reciprocity régime were years of exceptional prosperity for the Canadian producer owing to the disastrous struggle in which our neighbours were involved. The sore straits to which the northern section of the Union had been reduced gave the Canadian farmer his grand opportunity. The raising of food stuffs of all kinds had been seriously interrupted across the border, and the dealers in those commodities naturally sought the most accessible foreign market, so that the united provinces were overrun by American purchasers of cattle, sheep, poultry, eggs, and other staples, while horses were bought in large numbers for army use, and Canadian cereals were in constant demand. Such a condition of things, immediately forerunning the withdrawal of the United States from the Reciprocity agreement caused a veritable convulsion on this side of the line. To the mass of our people it came like a stroke of doom, though an elect few had made such good use of the war boom that they could defy adverse fortune. Lord Elgin, whose statesmanship, tact and strength of will had taken Washington by storm in 1854 and had already been sleeping for years on the heights of Dhurmsala, and there was none to plead like him with the victorious and angry North. Perhaps even he would have failed to induce oblivion of many foolish things that had been said in the stormy interval. For, like Jeshurun, Canada had kicked lustily in the consciousness of her cosy fatness and had promised herself a leading share in the dominance of the subdivided continent. It was, nevertheless, deemed advisable to send delegates to sue with the United States Government for a renewal of the expired treaty. The mission, as clear-seeing men foresaw, proved fruitless, as

did all subsequent appeals of like purport, under whatever auspices they were made.

What we would emphasize just now, however, is that, although the refusal of our neighbours to revive the treaty bore hard on thousands of our people and was a severe strain on the endurance of the provinces as a whole, and although the policy of exclusion was accompanied by more than menaces from a nation the ruling element of which was flushed with recent conquest and not loth to turn to account the unexhausted remnant of its military force, Canada did not prove recreant to her past, but, like a young giant, felt her thews and sinews, and, conscious of a reserve of strength theretofore unutilized, rose to her feet and stood for all the world to see, a marvel of sturdy but undeveloped nationhood. In fact, the ending of the Reciprocity Treaty was a blessing in disguise. It aroused Canada from her sleep of dependent security, a sluggish inglorious sleep, death-like save for the mutterings of troubled dreams, the nightmare suggestions of old-world feuds. Such awakening must have come some time, if Canada were not destined (as happily she was not) to be captured (as wily Secretary Seward had planned long before) in her unconsciousness. And when it came, it was just as well that it should be thorough, unmistakable, not to be ignored or evaded by any feint of continued somnolence. The reality to which Canada was awakened in 1866 was something to which the generation of to-day has become so accustomed that it requires some exercise of the historic imagination to gain the assurance that it could ever have been hidden from the view of statesmen or people. Canadians who have grown to maturity during the last quarter century would, indeed, find it very difficult to raise from the dead the Canada of the Union régime. The change that has taken place is not only sweeping but full of curious details, due to the shiftings, intrusions, gaps and upheavals that attend every revolution, whether violent or legislative. Doubtless there were or are merchants who forty years ago carried on in this city a business which neither they nor their successors will ever, as to volume, see repeated. Those were the days of small things for Canada as a whole, but for them they were the heyday of prosperity. We might go farther back and bethink us of the style in which the magnates of the fur-trade lived at the dawn of this century. With all our progress no such banqueting goes on to-day as tourists have recorded of the princely homes of those old fur-kings. When the Prince of Wales was fêted at Isle Dorval in 1860, that dispensation, which ruled an expanse as large nearly as Rome's empire, was still a power in the land, though its days were numbered. Sir George Simpson was "the last of the barons." One of our most attractive writers has given a sort of fictitious prestige to the old Downing Street régime, and there were obstinate sticklers for provincial isolation. The federal union (though wrought by leaders of both great parties) was not secured without a struggle. There were those who clung to the intercolonial tariff, but even those who grew rich on the system would hardly venture to ask for its restoration. British North America was destined to grow into a great Dominion, but in its development, as in every development, the growing pains affected some parts of the body politic more than others. The cessation of Reciprocity was a critical stage in our history, but it was surmounted with results advantageous to Canada as a whole. Banks Bill, Fenian Raid, Alaska Purchase, predictions of disaster, appeals to local jealousies, attempts to spread disloyalty, to embitter our relations with the Mother Country, to attach disgrace to the position of colonists, to deepen our fears of Imperial complications, all proved unavailing. In fact, what Secretary Seward had declared years before was fulfilled to the letter—Canada was not to be forced by threats to forswear her allegiance. If in the first shock of disappointment those who felt most keenly the removal of a prop on which they had relied were disposed to base surrender, the moment of weakness soon passed and men of every political opinion united to fight the battle of Canadian independence. Solidarity was a new

idea to provinces that had lived in isolation, almost in hostility, and, as the cessation of Reciprocity did not affect them all alike, so all were not equally ready for the remedy of confederation. But it was destined to come to pass, and some of the sturdiest champions of new Canada came from among the would-be dissentients. One by one the barriers to Canadian union disappeared, and, though the recovery of the equilibrium which the annulment of the treaty had disturbed was slow and painful in some localities, new outlets for trade were obtained, a stimulus was given to native manufactures, and a fresh impulse to the development of resources, the extent and value of which we are even now only beginning to realize.

The crisis which we have now reached is not more serious than that which we had to meet twenty-five years ago, and we are certainly not worse prepared for it than we were then. Moreover, we needed the fresh lesson, perhaps. It is as well that we should know our true position and take the stand once for all that it necessitates. Years ago Lord Elgin reproached a section of the Canadian people for the pettishness with which, on all occasions of real or imagined grievance, whether arising out of administration or the nature of things, they began to mutter annexation, instead of setting themselves manfully to better their condition by their own efforts. Much of such talk, he said, was mere bravado; much of it simple thoughtlessness. In any case it is a recreancy of which a self-respecting community should be ashamed. The time has come when the folly of looking beyond ourselves for help out of our difficulties must be recognized. Looking around us to-day at the nations of the world, how many of them are more favoured than this Dominion of ours in the gifts of nature, in the boon of liberty, in popular institutions, in opportunities of every kind for self-development and national progress! Because our neighbours refuse to aid us in our task of self-advancement, must we, therefore, despair of the future? On the contrary, now is the time to strain every nerve in order to show that we can live and flourish without their assistance. The world is open to us. No country is more blessed with natural wealth than ours, and of our surplus products there are many communities that require a share. But we must seek them out and impress them with the advantage of dealing with us. What we have done in England with our cheese is an illustration of what can be accomplished in many other directions as well. The West Indies are eager to trade with us, but we must not wait to be coaxed to sell to them. Our cereals, our vegetables, our cheese, butter, poultry, eggs, our furniture, our hardware, our larger live stock, our dressed meats, our fisheries, our forests, our wood-working industries, our agricultural implements, and a long enumeration of other fabrics and articles have never yet been placed upon outside markets, east and west and south, with the tireless energy and persuasive skill that have, in so many cases, won success, even in apparently hopeless quarters, for our neighbours. There is not a month which does not bring to light—most often through some wondering stranger—undeveloped raw material that could be turned to various profitable account if only the requisite enterprise, ingenuity and perseverance were applied to it. This is true of every kingdom of nature throughout the vast imperial domain which is our heritage on this continent. How frequently have strangers with capital, in quest of new fields for its investment, marched conquering into Canada and made fortunes for themselves in districts where we had never noticed anything out of the common! What Canada really wants is to be aroused to a sense of doing her duty in that state of life to which it has pleased God to call her. Fortunes are lying at our doors all around us, awaiting realization. Canada possesses millions upon millions' worth of the world's wealth in her generous soil, her still unexhausted forests, her priceless mines, her unparalleled life-abounding waters. To let these sources of wealth lie undeveloped is to defraud mankind. A people with such an inheritance ought to be rich and great and a blessing to other nations, and so will Canada be if she is only true to herself.

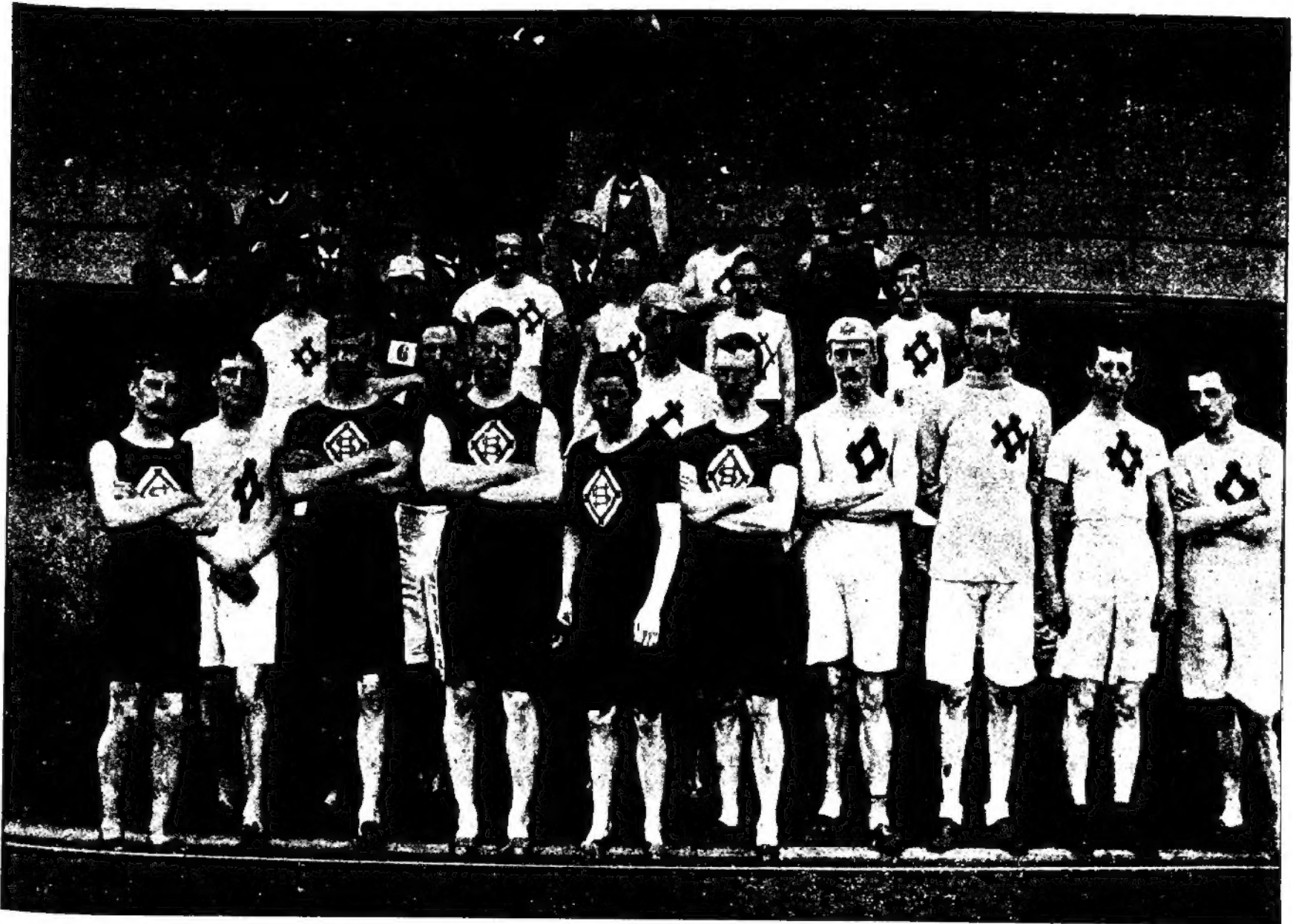


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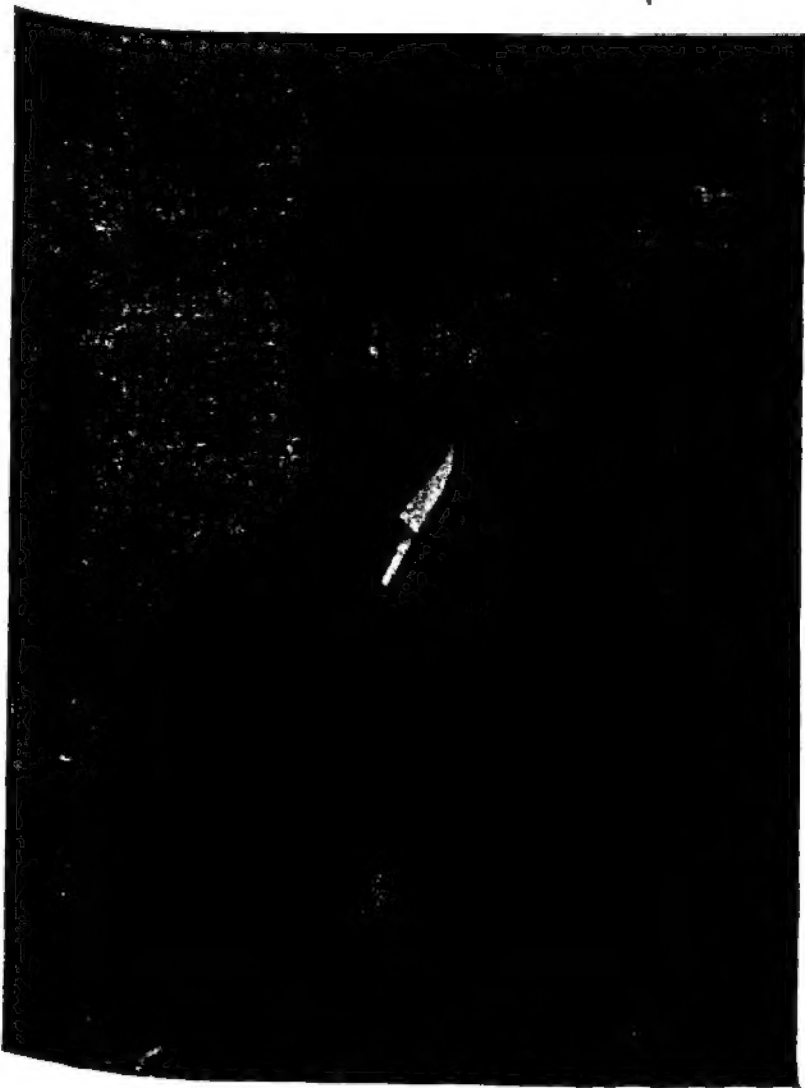
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CLERICAL LEADERS OF CANADIAN METHODISM.

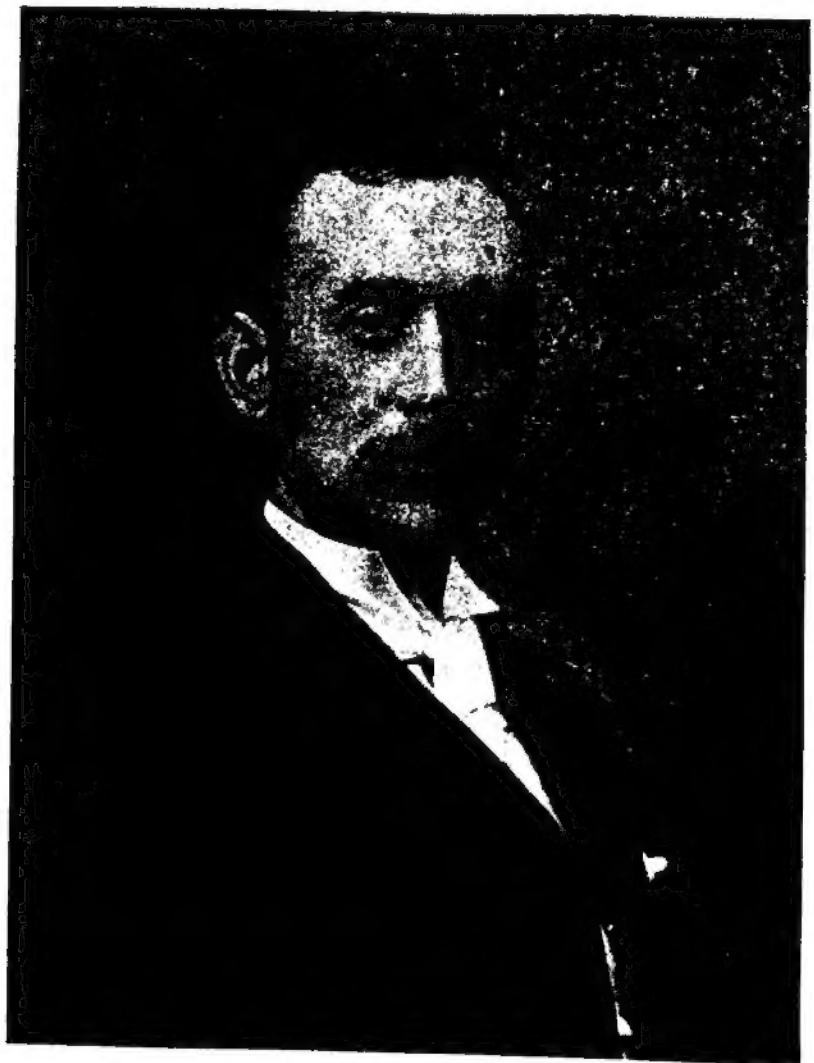
THE GENERAL SUPERINTENDENT, SECRETARY, AND THE PRESIDENTS OF CONFERENCES IN BRITISH NORTH AMERICA.



REPRESENTATIVES OF THE SALFORD HARRIERS, OF SALFORD ENG., AND THE MANHATTAN ATHLETIC CLUB, NEW YORK.



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ANNUAL GAMES OF THE CANADIAN AMATEUR ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION, HELD AT MONTREAL, 27th SEPTEMBER, 1890.



WILLIAM KINGSFORD, ESQ., C.E., LL.D., HISTORIAN, OF CANADA.—We are happy in this issue to lay before our readers a portrait of a gentleman with whose writings it is the duty of every earnest student of our country's history to become acquainted. Dr. Kingsford is one of a group of men who, though English by birth, have become thoroughly Canadian in sentiment, and have laboured with hand or voice or pen for the good of their adopted country. A Civil Engineer by profession, he has been associated with some of the most important of our public works. The earliest products of his vigorous pen dealt with professional questions. Nearly forty years ago he published at Philadelphia a treatise on "The History, Structure and Statistics of Plank Roads in the United States and Canada," a work which was accepted as an authority on the subject of which it treated. In 1865 he brought out an elaborate essay on "The Canadian Canals," which was accorded a most favourable reception by the press, being commended for its wealth of carefully gathered information, its fearless impartiality, the soundness of its judgments and the pertinence of its suggestions. That it was fruitful of good in directing attention to mistakes of policy and indicating remedies and reforms in theory and practice there is good reason to believe. Dr. Kingsford contributed in 1858 a number of interesting letters to a Toronto journal, which he subsequently gave to the public in book form under the title of "Impressions of the West and South During a Six Weeks' Holiday." But Dr. Kingsford was not merely an occasional writer in the newspapers. He occupied for some years the position of editor on important journals, such as the *Toronto Colonist*, and was recognized as a fair and able critic of public men and affairs. After spending many years in this country, he returned for a time to his native land, but like most persons who have lived long in Canada, he was again attracted to the scene of so much of his career, and has long been a familiar figure among our prominent men—his present residence being in Ottawa. About four years ago Dr. Kingsford gave us the first fruit of his historical studies in the form of a small octavo volume containing an essay on "Canadian Archaeology." It had first appeared in part in a Toronto newspaper, and had the effect of quickening the interest of our people in the eventful annals of their own country. Soon after it became known that the author was engaged in the preparation of a much more ambitious work, and in 1887 the first volume of his "History of Canada" was brought out simultaneously in London and Toronto. Dr. Kingsford had devoted long and conscientious research to the elucidation of the obscurer and more controverted passages in the story of the Old Régime, and brought not only a well-balanced judgment, but an intrepid honesty to bear on his task. Two more volumes have since seen the light, and a fourth (which, in excess of his original plan, he found necessary for the full and worthy discharge of his obligations) will shortly make its appearance. The history has been a *succès de mérite*—even those who differ with the author's conclusions being forced to acknowledge the candour and straightforward integrity, as well as clearness and force, with which he has defended his positions by marshalled facts. As might be expected, it was by our French compatriots that dissent from his judgments was most commonly expressed. Some of the most laudatory reviews of the work have appeared in the foremost of the English periodicals, especially the *Saturday Review*. We have already at considerable length given our own opinion of Mr. Kingsford's merits as an historian.

CLERICAL LEADERS OF CANADIAN METHODISM.—In this issue we give portraits of some of the most important officials of the Methodist General Conference, recently held in this city. The General Conference of the Methodist Church in Canada comprises representatives from the conferences of Toronto, London, Montreal, Niagara, Bay of Quinté, Newfoundland, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, Guelph, Manitoba and British Columbia. The General Conference is the supreme court and synod of the Church in Canada, and meets once in four years at a place previously fixed upon. The last conference opened in this city on the 10th of September, under the presidency of the Rev. Dr. Carman, general superintendent. The Rev. Dr. Huestis was elected secretary. The Rev. Dr. Badgley and Mr. W. Kennedy were appointed assistant secretaries. The secretaries reported the following elections to the nominating committee: Toronto, Rev. J. F. Germain, Rev. Dr. Parker, Messrs. J. T. Moore and E. J. Davis; Guelph, Rev. Drs. Griffin and Henderson, and Messrs. R. M. McKenzie and W. M. Gray; Manitoba, Rev. J. Woodsworth and A. M. Peterson; Newfoundland, Rev. W. Swan and Mr. J. E. Peters; British Columbia, Rev. C. Bryant and Mr. D. Spencer; New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island, Rev. Dr. Sprague and Mr. W. E. Dawson; Nova Scotia, Rev. Dr. Lathern and Mr. F. B. Woodell; Bay of Quinté, Rev. Wm. Burns and A. B. Chambers, and Messrs. S. P. Foid and W. F. Hall; Montreal, Rev. Dr. Williams and Rev. James Kines, Dr. Lavell and Dr. Alexander; Niagara conference, Rev. John Kay and J. S. Williamson, and Messrs. John Mason and J. H. Smith; London, Rev. J. R. Gundy and J. Learoyd, and Messrs. R. J. C. Dawson and B. Milne. Some idea of the volume and variety of

business that came before the conference may be gathered from the following report of the nominating committee: "With a view to greater efficiency the plan is adopted of dividing the committees into three groups, designated 'A,' 'B' and 'C,' composed as follows: 'A' group—Missions, publishing interests, course of study, statistics, general superintendency, itinerancy, embarrassed trusts, public services, and reception of fraternal delegates; 'B' group—Superannuation fund, memorials, Sabbath observance, finance, annual conferences, transfers, sustentation, centennial of Methodism, and church union; 'C' group—Education, temperance, children's fund, church property, Sabbath schools, discipline, ritual, state of the work, and returns of boards and committees." The proceedings of the conference, which lasted for nearly three weeks, were of the utmost interest not only to the Methodist communion, but to the religious world generally. Some of the discussions were animated, especially those on missions, conference boundaries, temperance, finance, itinerancy (extension of time), superannuation, &c. The college federation question was finally disposed of, the decision reached at the last quadrennial conference being confirmed by a considerable majority. An interesting feature of the transactions was the reception of fraternal delegates from other branches of the church. The greetings to the representatives of the English and Irish conferences and to the delegate from the Methodist Church of the Southern States, and the replies of the stranger brethren were not the least noteworthy incidents in this department of the conference's business. The reports presented were, in the main, encouraging as to the spiritual conquests of the church, but dissatisfaction was expressed with the payment of stipends (the total deficiency reaching a large sum) and at the delay in establishing industrial schools for Indians under Methodist supervision. Full ventilation of drawbacks and grievances resulted in the determination to apply needed remedies, so that even the excessive warmth manifested in some debates did not pass fruitless. The calmness, dignity and fairness of the president were universally admired. The following gentlemen were elected to the Ecumenical conference of the Methodist church: Toronto, Rev. Drs. Briggs and Dewar, Dr. MacLaren and Mr. W. Kennedy; London, Rev. James Graham and Mr. W. Bowman; Niagara, Rev. John Wakefield and Mr. J. H. Beatty; Guelph, Rev. Dr. Griffin and Mr. R. W. McKenzie; Bay of Quinté, Rev. Drs. Carman and Burwash and Judge Dean; Montreal, Rev. Dr. Douglas and T. G. Williams and Messrs. W. H. Lambly and S. Findley; Manitoba, Rev. J. Woodsworth; British Columbia, Mr. D. Spencer; Nova Scotia, Rev. Dr. Lathern and Dr. Allison; Newfoundland, Hon. J. J. Rogerson; New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island, Rev. Dr. Sprague and Dr. Inch; Reserves, Revs. Dr. Antliffe, Dr. Ryckman, J. S. Ross, G. Webber and S. Huestis, Hon. J. C. Aikins, Messrs. James Mills, J. Torrance, W. E. Dawson and J. H. Carson.

WILLIAM WHYTE, ESQ., GENERAL SUPERINTENDENT WESTERN DIVISION, C.P.R.—This gentleman, whose portrait will be found on another page of the present issue, is a native of Dunfermline, Scotland, and is still in the vigour of middle life, having been born on the 15th of September, 1843. He entered the railway service of his native land, while he was only in his nineteenth year, as station agent for the West of Fife line, in which position he remained until July, 1863. At the latter date he became connected with the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada, and served successively as brakeman, freight clerk (Cobourg and Toronto), yardmaster (Toronto), conductor, night station master (Toronto), station master (Stratford, where he remained for nearly four years), station master and freight and passenger agent (London, Ont.), freight agent (Toronto) and division superintendent, a post which he held for a year and a half. He was then general superintendent of the Credit Valley Railway, and of the Toronto, Grey and Bruce line for a number of years. In all these positions Mr. Whyte gave satisfaction to his employers, and when in 1886 he entered the service of the Canadian Pacific, his experience, ability and conscientious attention to the interests of the company and the convenience of the public were not long in meeting with appreciation. Since his appointment to the responsible position which he now holds as General Superintendent of the Western Division, Mr. Whyte has become well known to the travelling public, and is one of the most popular officers of the company.

J. H. HARDWICK, ESQ., HON. SECRETARY OF THE Salford Harriers.—An important feature in the championship games of the Canadian Amateur Athletic Association, which took place in this city on the 27th inst., was the visit to Montreal of the Salford Harriers, escorted by the Manhattan Athletic club, whose guests they are. The party, which reached Montreal on Friday, September 26, consists of W. H. Morton, E. W. Parry, N. D. Morgan, T. L. Nicholas and G. H. Morris, all members of the famous Salford Harriers. Accompanying the athletes were J. H. Hardwick, the honorary secretary of the Harriers, and W. M. Christie of the Manhattan Athletic club. The English champions have come to this country to give a series of combination athletic meetings in connection with the Manhattan Athletic club cracks and the athletes of the cities which will be visited. Their trip, as laid out by the Manhattan Athletic club, is as follows: September 27, Montreal (Canadian championship meetings); October 1, Detroit; October 4, Chicago; October 11, Buffalo; October 18, Boston; October 22, New York city; October 25, Philadelphia. At all of these meetings, with the exception

of Buffalo, the M.A.C. champions will be with the Englishmen.

HARVESTING SCENE IN THE NORTH-WEST.—To some of our readers this will be a familiar scene from personal experience of North West rural industrial life, and there are none of them to whom the golden crop of the prairie is entirely strange. This view is, indeed, simply a continuation of a series, the publication of which was necessarily interrupted by other claims on our attention. It is a spectacle full of hope for the living and for those who will come after us, and suggests a forecast of that often promised time when the myriads of to-day shall have grown to millions, and our great west with its teeming fields will support a population as large as that of half Europe.

VIEWS AT ST ANNE'S, P.Q.—These views are of exceptional interest to the lover of beautiful scenery and the student of antiquarian lore. As yet what treats Canada affords the archaeologist are largely confined to this province, which, however, means no disparagement to either the still earlier settled East or the eventful and romantic West. Around St. Anne's cluster memories of more than two long centuries, memories of Indian war, of feudal rule, of the fur trade, of the roving poet who sang so sweetly of our Canadian customs. The group of views presented in this issue speaks for itself.

HAMILTON PUBLIC LIBRARY.—With very real satisfaction we present our readers with a view of this fine institution, recently opened, of which the citizens of Hamilton have reason to be proud. The opening ceremony was graced by the presence of the Earl and Countess of Aberdeen. Among leading persons of the province who took part in the auspicious proceedings may be mentioned Sir Daniel Wilson, President of Toronto University, the Hon. G. W. Ross, Minister of Education, Mr. James Bain, jr., the successful librarian of the Toronto Public Library, Mr. James Innes, M.P., of the Guelph Library Board, and a number of other prominent friends of education and culture.

INSPECTION OF THE ROYAL SCOTS.—To some of our military readers this will be a familiar scene. The 5th Royal Scots Fusiliers is one of the finest regiments in the Canadian militia, has a record of which any corps might be proud, and is proud to sustain its record.

Former Manners.

The tea parties which play so important a part in all old novels came into vogue in 1720. At these festivities everything and everybody was pulled to pieces in a thoroughly satisfactory way. "Religion," (mark that, those who think religious discussions a modern growth,) "religion, morals, love, friendship, good manners, dress," all had their turn. "This tended more to refinement than anything else." "The booksellers' shops were not stuffed as they are now with novels and magazines. The woman's knowledge was gained by conversing with men, not by reading themselves, as they had few books they could understand. Whoever had read Pope, Addison and Swift, with some ill-rot history, was then a laird lady, which character was by no means agreeable." "The intercourse of the men with the women, though less reserved than at present, was to the full as pure. They would walk together for hours or travel on horse back or in a chaise without any imputation of imprudence. The parents had no concern when an admirer was their guide."

These remarks look strange when contrasted with the foregoing observations, as to the "undelicate" manners of the young ladies in 1724. It cannot be wholly accounted for by the difference of standard of town and country, although, of course, that was much greater then than it is now. In all probability by the time Miss Mure grew up the "woman" had become accustomed to their liberty and learned to make a better use of it. Certainly they still retained it down to very late years, for readers of Mrs. Somerville's life will remember the extraordinary freedom that young girls were allowed in the early part of the present century.

The men had their own diversions. They met every evening in their clubs, which cost them as a rule about 4d. or 8d. besides their tobacco and pipes. Sometimes they played "backgammon or catch honours for a penny" the game, washed down by cherry in mocken stoups, of which they drank an "incredible" quantity. Every one dined at home "in private"; but notables soon introduced supping, as when the young people were happy they were loath to part, so that supping came to be the universal fashion in Edinburgh. These merry suppers were missed by the young people when they went to the country, that late "colations" took place, held in the bedroom of one of the party, with either tea or a posset, till far in the morning, but these were always "carefully concealed from the parents." The "colations" sound more like the surreptitious meals of magnesia and biscuits occasionally patronized by schoolgirls, whose virtue lay in the fact of concealment rather than in a meal satisfactory to the adults of both sexes.—*The National Review*.

THE TONE.—A capital story was current in Dublin at the time of the foundation of the *Nation* newspaper by Duffy, Davis, and Dillon. Somebody asked a legal luminary of Unionist politics if he could tell him "what was the tone of this new journal?" "The tone of the *Nation*? Wolfe Tone, Sir!" was the angry reply. Nothing could have been apter in substance as in form.



THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY.

An anthology of an anthology we might call this dainty volume of Selections, if we did not recall that the Greek anthology itself, in its present form, is but a nosegay made up with the aid of extraneous and often unfragrant additions from the original garland of Meleager. Such as it is, the history of its preservation is one of the most interesting chapters in the long story of Grecian literature. The earliest of the flower-gatherers (florilegæ apes) lived in the first century before Christ, and was a Syrian Greek, "of the country of the Gadarenes," where Jesus healed the demoniac. He called his compilation *Stephanos*, or the Wreath, each of the forty-six poets represented in it being indicated by a flower, so that it is truly named anthology (florilegium). The dedication to his friend Diocles, with the prefaces of his successors, Philip and Agathias, form the fourth of the seventeen sections into which the *Anthologia Græca* is divided. Philip was a contemporary of Trajan; Agathias flourished under Justinian. In the tenth century Cephala, who dwelt at Byzantium in the reign of Porphyrogenitus, undertook a revision of all the existing anthologies. Planudes, a monk, early in the fourteenth century, deemed it advisable to expurgate the collection of Cephala, and on the literary re-awakening of western Europe in the following century the compilation bearing his name was the only anthology that came to light. Nevertheless, a copy of Cephala had escaped the fury of Moslem invader and Christian zealot, and it remained for no less a scholar than Milton's antagonist, Saumaise, to discover it in the Palatine library at Heidelberg. He spent years in preparing it for the press, but without a Latin version the Leyden printers would not publish it, and death having interrupted him in the task of translation, the famous manuscript was transferred to the Vatican. For nearly two centuries it was absent from Heidelberg, but meanwhile trustworthy copies had been made and the learned world had, through Reiske, Brunck and Jacobs, been made familiar with its treasures. During the present century the Anthology has been the theme of abundant criticism, and many writers, English, French, German, Italian—of every country in Europe, indeed—have tried their hands at the translation of the poems. They are of various merit, of various length, of every age of Greek letters, and on a great diversity of subjects. In the list of authors are names found nowhere else, side by side with those of the masters of Greek song. To some (like the Antipaters, Meleager, Philip of Thessalonica, Paulus Silentiarius) are assigned compositions enough to make separate volumes, while others (such as Diphilus, Glyco and Crates the Grammarian) have left but single epigrams. Illustrious pagans—Plato, Sappho, Theocritus, Simonides—share our attention with Christian bishops like Photius and Gregory of Nazianzum. Love, sorrow, piety, satire, philosophy, art criticism and even mathematical analysis have inspired the verses. It is, in fine, a unique thesaurus of the thought, the sentiment, the imagination of a marvellous people during the vicissitudes of nearly two thousand years. We can hardly wonder that Pope Pius the Sixth, in seeking to save from the grasp of Napoleon the gathered trophies of the Vatican, took care to include the manuscript of Cephala among his most jealously guarded treasures.

Yet here we have the essential worth and beauty of this wonderful Anthology in a convenient and comely form for 35 cents! The edition before us is one of that charming series—the Canterbury Poets, of Mr. Walter Scott. These "Selections from the Greek Anthology" are edited by Mr. Graham R. Tomson, author of "The Bird Bride and Other Poems," etc. In an "Introductory Note," the editor tells us enough about the principal poets and their successful translators to enable us to read the book with intelligent sympathy. In a few pages he has managed to convey a great deal of welcome information, interspersed with opportune criticism. He has been happy in his choice of versions, taking only those of approved scholarship and taste. Dr. Richard Garnett, Mr. Andrew Lang, Miss Alma Strettell, Prof. Goldwin Smith, Mr. J. Addington Symonds (whose "Greek Poets" we would take the opportunity of recommending), Mr. W. M. Hardinge, Shelley, Cowper, John Leyden, J. A. Symonds, M.D., Prof. Lewis Campbell, John Sterling—surely that is an enumeration that speaks for itself. Reference has already been made to the dedicatory preface of Meleager to his *Stephanos*, or Garland. Mr. Hardinge's translation of it will be found in another part of this paper, and it is worth reading, both as forming a fit introduction to the Selections, and from its accuracy, conciseness and grace. One of the tenderest and most touching of laments is the "Dakrua Soi" of the same poet, Mr. Lang's version of which (though probably familiar to some of our readers) we cannot refrain from reproducing:

AT THE GRAVE OF HELIODORA.

Tears for my lady dead—
Heliodore!
Salt tears and strange to shed,
Over and o'er;
Tears to my lady dead,

Love, do we send,
Longed for, remembered,
Lover and friend!
Sad are the songs we sing,
Tears that we shed;
Empty the gifts we bring,
Gifts to the dead!
Go, tears, and go, lament,
Far from her tomb,
Wend where my lady went
Down through the gloom!
Ah! for my flower, my love,
Hades has taken!
Ah! for the dust above
Scattered and shaken!
Mother of blade and grass,
Earth, in thy breast
Lull her that gentlest was
Gently to rest!

Surely, after reading this, the author of "Romantic Love" will not insist that the ancients knew nothing of the passion. Or for another phase of it, let him study this of Agathias as rendered by Miss Strettell:

Since she was watched and could not kiss me closely,
Divine Rhodanthe cast her maiden zone
From off her waist, and holding it thus loosely
By the one end, she put a kiss thereon;
Then I—Love's stream as through a channel taking—
My lips upon the other end did press
And drew the kisses in, while ceaseless making,
Thus from afar, reply to her caress.
So the sweet girdle did beguile our pain,
Being a ferry for our kisses twain.

Here are the closing lines from Mr. Lang's version of the Sidonian Antipater's epigram on Erinna's short-lived music:

Better the swan's song than a windy world
Of rooks in the April sky!

Here is something that Callimachus may have written:
Dead! my firstborn? No! to a better country departed,
Living in happy islands that know no maid so light-hearted.

There thou goest rejoicing along the Elysian pasture—
Soft the flowers around thee—away from every disaster.
Winter nor chills thee, nor summer burns, nor sickness
Makes sorry;
Thou nor hungerest more nor thirstest, and robbed of its
glory
Seems to thee now this life of ours, for thou dwellest
securely—
Innocent, there where the rays of Olympus enshallow thee
purely!

The translation is Mr. Hardinge's.

Little Greek girls had their pets, it seems. How suggestive these lines of the Gadarene, as rendered by Dr. Garnett:

Torn from my mother's breast was I while yet
A feeble, unsuspecting leveret,
But Phæon's arms soon taught me to forget
My loss, her nimble, frisky, long-eared pet.
What lavish fare her fondness did provide!
Alas! it was too lavish, and I died.
But she inters me here, her couch beside,
And in her dreams her playmate I abide.

Of ownerless epigrams there are not a few. Here is a compliment to the King of epic poets:

Long Nature travelled, but at last she bore
Homer, then ceased from bearing evermore.
GOLDWIN SMITH.

These stanzas are among the best known in the collection, Plato being the author of the original:

Thou wert the morning star among the living
Ere thy fair light had fled;
Now, having died, thou art as Hesperus, giving
New splendour to the dead.

SHELLEY.

A touching household incident is put in metre by Simmias:

Feebly her arms the dying Gorgo laid
Upon her mother's neck, and weeping said—
"Stay with my sire; and bear instead of me
A happier child, thy age's prop to be."

GOLDWIN SMITH.

In the following lines Mr. Lang, by a happy daring, has combined two epigrams of Rufinus, taking the name from one, the sentiment from another:

GOLDEN EYES.

Ah, Golden Eyes, to win you yet,
I bring mine April coronet
The lovely blossoms of the spring,
For you I weave, to you I bring!
These roses with the lilies wet,
The dewy dark-eyed violet,
Narcissus, and the wind-flower wet,
Wilt thou disdain mine offering,

Ah, Golden Eyes?

Crowned with thy lover's flowers, forget
The pride wherein thy heart is set,
For thou, like these or anything,
Hast but thine hour of blossoming,
Thy spring, and then—the long regret,
Ah, Golden Eyes!

There are many other pieces that we would gladly reproduce if space permitted; but, as the cheapness of the book puts it within reach of every one, we trust our readers will soon have an opportunity of consulting it for themselves. Messrs. Picken & Co., of this city, have all Mr. Walter Scott's publications on sale.

Mail-Time in Muskoka.

A Muskoka day culminates, as it were, at mail-time. Then people rouse for a little from their pleasantly idle, slipping-away existence, remember there is a world outside, and grow eager for news. About the time the steamer is expected stragglers begin to appear on the wharf, the people at the hotel stroll leisurely down and boats head in from outlying camps and cottages. Presently a tooting is heard. The steamer is calling at some island in the vicinity, and a few minutes after she appears round a neighbouring point and makes her way quickly up to the wharf. Then comes a time of brief confusion. The gangway is thrust out, passengers hurry over, luggage is tumbled across, perhaps a boat or canoe makes its appearance suddenly on the shoulders of a couple of the crew, causing a swift division of the crowd, the purser carries out his mail-bags, which he consigns to the hotel keeper or his deputy, who is in waiting to receive them, there is a cry of all aboard, the gangway is hauled in and the steamer is off again, carrying mails and passengers to another place. Now, the centre of attraction is the post-office, a wooden building to the rear of the hotel, and thither the people betake themselves. The little room, one corner of which is partitioned off and pigeon-holed, is soon filled to overflowing, and knots of patient and impatient waiters gather about the door, or seat themselves on the edge of the verandah near by. Ah! there are the mail-bags at last. The postmaster, generally the hotel-keeper or his clerk, shuts himself into his corner, opens one of them and begins the work of sorting, regardless of the picket of eager eyes peering at him through pigeon-holes and windows. If one could only put a little American promptness, or any other kind of promptness, into him as he pores over addresses in a way that awakens grave doubts as to whether his learning is as unimpeachable as his honesty! Meanwhile the people amuse themselves as best they can. Gay skirmishes of talk break out here and there, drowning the soberer, leaning-against-the-wall conversation of the older folk. A rude counter runs almost across the little place, and on this a lively lady has perched herself, and is bandying repartee with those immediately around her. In a corner, behind the crowd, two young girls seated on a heap of empty sacks are deep in dangerously quiet talk with a young fellow leaning up against the wall beside them. A bevy of girls near the door are whispering together, breaking out into titters as a ruddy-faced old fellow in boating costume pushes his way through them, flinging a jest at one and another as he passes. Motley is the word as far as dress is concerned. There are "tams" tilted over all sorts of faces—old, young, pretty and ugly—fascinating little jockey caps, alas! that the owners do not always merit the adjective; blazers, blue and black and black and scarlet, giving the wearer something the look of a cheerfully striped animal in the crowd; big hats and little hats, flannel suits and blouses, anything, in fact, that taste, fancy or convenience may suggest. And if any one wishes to make a discriminating study of sunburn in its various shades, let him go to Muskoka in the month of August. There he will find it from the first delicate tinge of the newcomer just lightly kissed by the sun to the deep glorious brown of the Muskoka veteran, the man who has been rusticated for months, or the fiery red of the unfortunate who refuses to tan becomingly. What a medley of accents meets the listening ear—now a strain of kindly, comfortable Scotch from the lips of a stout, motherly woman, who has no idea how funny she looks in a big sun hat tied under her chin; now a dash of brogue, or an unmistakable English accent, making one feel inclined to straighten up and behave with propriety, while from here and there in the crowd comes the drawl and nasal twang, betraying the neighbour from across the line. I was amused at a young American lad who came up to his mother on the outskirts of the throng with the remark, "Sister's in naow, guess we'll have our letters in about hef a second." For the sorting is over it last, and the distribution is just going to begin. It is against the rules for people to help themselves; and yet see, while the postman's back is turned, a brawny arm bare and brown almost to the elbow is thrust through the aperture, reaches swiftly up to an adjacent box, seizes a bundle of letters and papers and is gone like lightning. Any letters for so-and-so, or so-and-so, or so-and-so goes on steadily now for about a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes, followed by the ominous shake of the head or affirmative nod and reaching forth of the precious square of white paper. The fortunate retire for a first quiet read alone, or tearing open their letters on the spot regale their friends with scraps of news, while the disappointed drop off, or angry and incredulous, prowling about the post office door, confident they saw letters addressed to them in familiar writing, and meditating another attempt when the rush is over. But finally the packet has been gone over for the last time, unclaimed letters are deposited in a drawer, the postmaster leaves his corner, shutting the door behind him, and the mail is ended for that night.

J. E. SMITH.



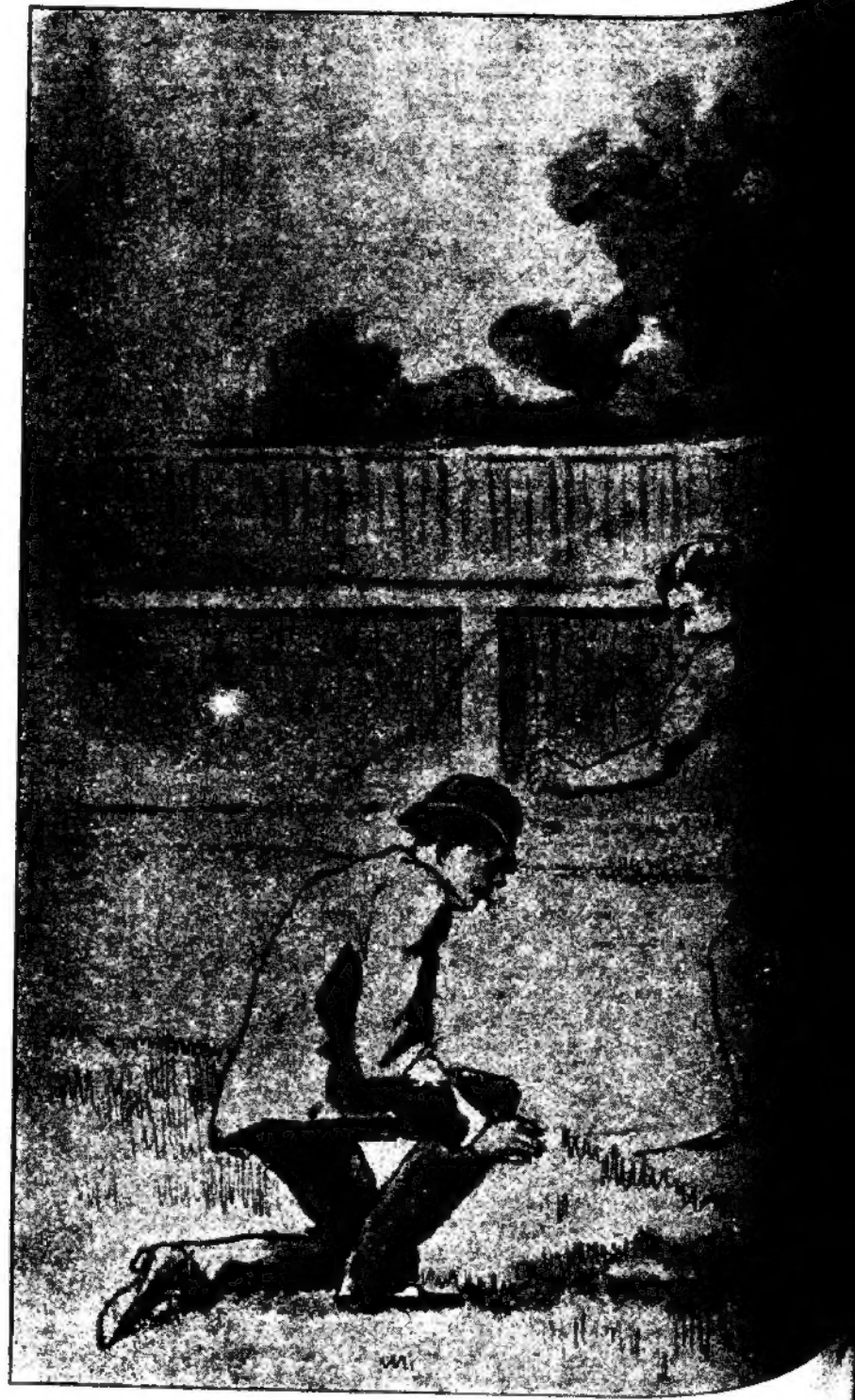
Queckberner putting the 56 lb. weight.



Competitors in three mile walk.



Measuring Mitchell's throw.



Conniff.



Half mile Race.

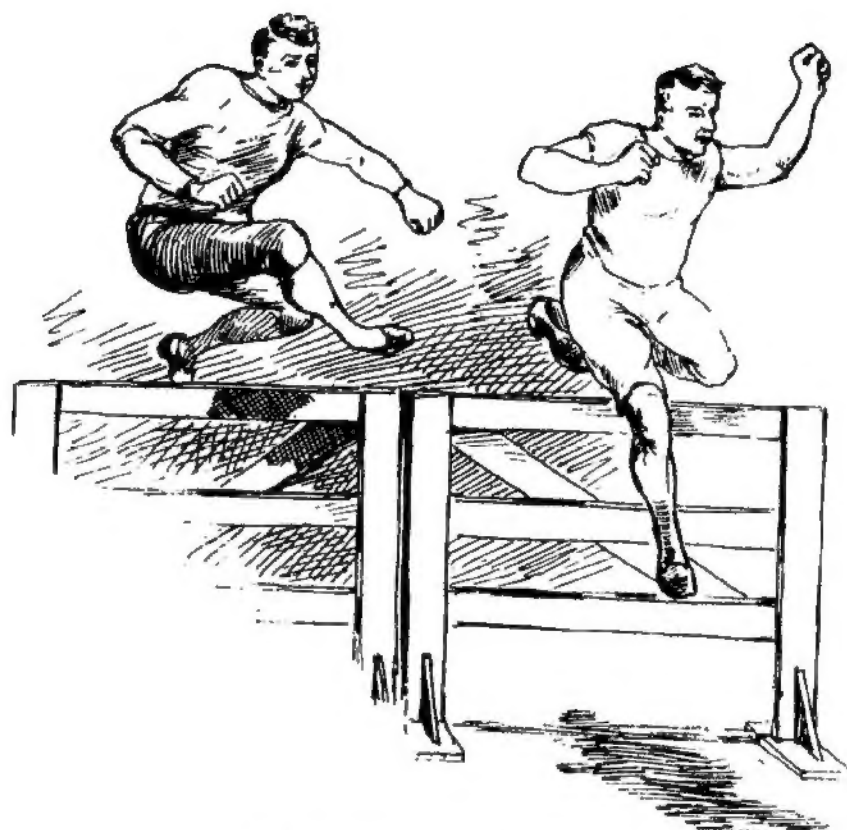


Nichols.

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The Best Race of the Day.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES

Well, we have seen such games on Saturday last as Canada has never seen before, and although no world's records were smashed, we came so close to it that the old standbys must have felt uncomfortably adjacent to compound comminuted fractures. But it was a very melancholy day for those figures which have been masquerading under the name of Canadian records, and only a few of them will be permitted to still recline on the shelf of oblivion for another year. Before touching on the games proper, a word about the management and arrangements will not be out of place, and although not quite faultless, they were still far ahead of anything ever attempted in this country before. It is true there seemed an overplus of officials, but those who had the real work of the day to do did it well, with one exception, and that was the starter. Now, this position is about as difficult a one as there is to fill, although it might not appear so to the spectator who has no practical experience; but let him get out on the track with three or four of the best sprinters in the world, who know every trick to beat the pistol, and to whom an infinitesimal part of a second may mean the race, then only will be appreciated the fact that the starter's life is not a happy one. Under these circumstances, Mr. Fletcher should not be censured too severely. He certainly kept the men too long on the mark; but the object was obviously the good one of not having a fair starter suffer. The competitors soon discovered this when they lost heats by being set back, and there were a good many false starts. The really good starters can be numbered on the fingers, and it is often difficult to obtain their services; but for games of the importance of last Saturday's, some effort should be made to get one of these few men, even at considerable expense. He would be known by the competitors, who would thus be less likely to take chances and the send-offs would be fairer. Another thing which in the future the committee of management will likely look after is the raised circle for the 56 lb. weight. It looks a decided hindrance to the thrower, and one of the competitors objected to it, his contention being that the circle should be either a chalk line or wood flush with the ground. It certainly seemed to hamper Queckberner, who demonstrated the correctness of his assertion by making a difference of three feet in his throws when surrounded by the raised ring and when behind the chalk mark. Then the track was in as good condition as could be wished for, and although the atmosphere was a little on the chilly side for marvellous performances, it could have been much worse. Under such auspicious conditions and with such a collection of the best known athletes on the continent, it is not to be wondered at that this meeting eclipsed its predecessors.

The disappointing part of the day was the very small number of Canadians taking part and the consistent way in which they avoided winning anything. Those who did take part cannot be blamed for not keeping at least one championship in the country. They were in too fast company. But it seems a strange thing that with such associations as the M.A.A.A., the Ottawa A.A.C., the Toronto club, not to speak of many smaller clubs, the showing made on the entry list should be so miserably meagre. The result came dangerously near a whitewashing, as out of the twenty-eight medals which were distributed, only two seconds went to Canadians, namely, Carr, of Toronto, and Mackintosh, of Halifax. I would not be a bit surprised if one of these days these gentlemen should be found wearing either the cherry diamond or the winged foot, as Mr. Geo. Gray, of Coldwater, Ont., is doing at present. I hope such will not be case; but it is a way these big New York clubs have; and, as it is one continuous struggle for supremacy between them, they never miss an opportunity of securing any promising athlete. They had a close finish between them on Saturday in their point competition, the Manhattan winning by one point, the score standing:—M.A.C., 49; N.Y.A.C., 48. Their method of calculating is—Five points for a first, three for a second, and one for a third. This makes a total of 126 points, of which 97 were captured between them, 12 going to Detroit, and the other 17 being divided between Halifax, Boston, Salford, Toronto, Montreal and St. Gabriel.

	M.A.C.	N.Y.A.C.	Detroit.
Hundred yards.....	3	0	6
Putting shot.....	3	5	0
Two miles.....	6	0	0
Pole leap.....	1	8	0
220 yards.....	0	1	5
Throwing 56 lbs.....	3	5	0
High jump.....	5	3	0
Three mile walk.....	8	0	0
Half-mile run.....	3	5	1
120 yards hurdle.....	3	5	0
Throwing hammer.....	3	5	0
Quarter mile.....	5	3	0
Broad jump.....	0	8	0
Mile run.....	6	0	0
Total points.....	49	48	12

These point competitions, which are for the Bailey, Banks and Biddle plaque, are not influenced by the marks made in the Canadian championship games, but they were eagerly watched, for all that, as a guide to what might be looked for at the A. A. U. championships, which will be held in Washington on October 11. The plaque is at present held by the New York Athletic Club, and if it were not for a streak of very hard luck there is scarcely a doubt that this trophy, which represents the amateur athletic supremacy of the country would still be held by the "winged foot." When Shirrell sprained a tendon at Travers' Island that took away a good many points from his club. Lee, who was last year's 220 champion, is on the Pacific Coast, while a sprained arm will keep Baxter from winning the pole vault. The services of Walter Dohm will also be missed in the quarter and half, and from this it would appear that the M.A.C. will come out ahead, but it will be only after a hard struggle, and there will be very little difference in points. Up to the present time Manhattan is four points in the lead, and after the Washington meeting the probabilities are that these figures will not be materially altered.

Great things were expected from the Salford Harriers, but as far as results were concerned our English friends were a disappointment, only Morton being placed in any of the events; but then it should be remembered that they had just crossed the ocean and had not found their land legs yet. By the time they have competed in Detroit and Chicago they ought to be in good shape to be heard from at the championships, although they have to do a lot of travelling, which does not materially help an athlete. Morton is a particularly graceful runner, hardly touches the path, and looks as if in proper condition he could keep it up for a year, and I think he will give some of the distance men a close call before he is finished.

The final in the 100 yards would have been more interesting if Carr had not got himself disqualified for false starting, although the result would likely have been the same, as far as first place is concerned. The 120 yards hurdles was, perhaps, the most exciting of the day, an extra heat having to be run off between Copeland and Williams, the judges having decided the final a dead heat. Why this was so is best known to themselves, as certainly Copeland breasted the worsted first. It was a grand race, however. Williams does not clear the hurdles with the grace of Copeland, and knocks some of them down, but that does not seem to interfere with his speed, and he has tremendous pace for the last dash. Since Copeland hurt his ankle in Toronto last year he seems never to have got quite back to his old form. The Detroit club have a treasure in Owens, who beat the Canadian record in the 220 sprint by a full second. The quarter mile was somewhat of a disappointment, as everybody thought that the M.A.A.A. crack, Waldron, would at least get a place, but he was only a poor third; he spurted too soon and was out of it. The half mile was simply a gift to Downs. After Paris had won at the M.A.A.A. games many of his friends thought he would make some kind of a showing, but he made a poor third. With judicious training better things might be expected from the St. Gabriel representative, for he has a lot of speed, especially at the start, but seems to want bottom. There was practically nothing in the mile but George, although Mackintosh, of the Halifax Wanderers, ran a good second and in surprisingly good form, too. In the two miles there was some disappointment, as a fine struggle had been looked forward to between Conneff and Day, but the latter was taken with a stitch and had to quit, leaving Conneff to practically finish alone. The three mile walk saw another record broken, and in the field events both hammer, shot and 56 lbs. received new marks, but the vaulting and jumping did not come up to previous performances. Following is a condensed summary:

100 yards—John Owen, Detroit A. C., 1; L. Carey, M. A. C., 2. Time, 10 1-5 secs.
220 yards—John Owens, Detroit A. C., 1; H. D. Carr, Toronto Lacrosse club, 2. Time, 22 2-5 secs.
120 yards hurdle—H. L. Williams, N.Y.A.C., 1; A. F. Copeland, M.A.C., 2. Time, 16 secs.
440 yards—M. Remington, M.A.C., 1; W. C. Downs, N.Y.A.C., 2. Time, 50 3-5 seconds.
Half-mile—W. C. Downs, N.Y.A.C., 1; J. S. Roddy, M.A.C., 2. Time, 1 min. 59 1/2 secs.
One mile—A. B. George, M.A.C., 1; H. W. Mackintosh, Wanderers, Halifax, 2. Time, 4 min. 29 4-5 secs.
Two miles—T. P. Conneff, M.A.C., 1; W. H. Morton, Salford Harriers, 2. Time, 9 min. 34 3-5 secs.
Three mile walk—C. L. Nicoll, M.A.C., 1; E. D. Lange, M.A.C., 2. Time, 22 min. 12 4-5 secs.
Running high jump—R. K. Pritchard, M.A.C., 5 feet 8 in., 1; C. T. Wiegand, N.Y.A.C., 5 feet 7 in., 2.
Broad jump—A. A. Jordan, N.Y.A.C., 21 feet 3 3/8 in., 1; C. T. Wiegand, N.Y.A.C., 21 feet 2 5/8 in., 2.
Pole vault—A. A. Jordan, N.Y.A.C., 10 feet 4 in., 1; E. D. Ryder, N.Y.A.C., 10 feet, 2.
Putting the shot—Geo. R. Gray, N.Y.A.C., 43 feet 7 1/4 in., 1; C. A. J. Queckberner, M.A.C., 39 ft. 6 1/8 in., 2.
Throwing 56 lb. weight—J. S. Mitchell, N.Y.A.C., 30 feet 6 1/4 in., 1; C. A. J. Queckberner, M.A.C., 29 feet 3 3/8 in., 2.
Throwing 16 lb. hammer—J. S. Mitchell, N.Y.A.C., 127 feet 11 in.; C. A. J. Queckberner, M.A.C., 120 feet 6 in., 2.

The Canadian championships will be held next year in Toronto, and the following will be the officers: Presi-

dent, Captain J. C. McGee, Q. O. R.; first vice-president, P. D. Ross, Ottawa A. A.; second vice president, H. W. Becket, M.A.A.A.; secretary, George Higginbottom; treasurer, H. E. Sewell, Toronto Lacrosse club. Committee—W. Bellingham, W. T. Kendall, Inspector Starke, John Murray, J. Pearson, A. C. Macdonell, C. W. Martin, W. J. Cleghorn and J. Drynan.

The Fall meeting of the Ontario Jockey Club was somewhat of a surprise to the Western men, who saw all the purses except one fall to Montreal horses. Woodbine track had at least 3,000 people on the stand last Saturday, and that is a small turnout when the brilliant crowds of the Spring meeting at the same place are remembered. Torontonians will patronize horse racing, and not even the fact of seeing all the fat prizes going to Montreal will make them desist. The Dawes stables were almost in the zenith of their luck, capturing four out of the six races, all there were entries for, while the Pytcheley stables won the selling race. The only event that was captured in the West was the steeplechase, in which the gallant little Mackenzie, with top weight, and carrying Mr. Loudon, started out to make the pace, kept at it all the way and finished as he pleased. The little difficulty about starting the last race ought to be a lesson to gentlemen to let the officials appointed for this purpose, who usually know something about starting, attend to their own business. If a gentleman with Mr. Stanton's experience cannot get the horses away, it is not all likely that he will be materially assisted by three or four others, who assume to take matters into their hands. Mr. Butler was at the same old tricks again, and was called to the judges' stand and warned. It seems to take a lot of warning to have any effect on this jockey, and after his recent experience at Bel-Air and Woodbine, judges, at least in Canada, might do worse than keeping a very wide open eye on him. The cash handicap was a splendid race, and the time came pretty near being a Canadian record for the mile and a quarter—2.12. This was Redfellow's race, but he only managed to get his head in front of Lordlike at the post after hard punishment. Zea carried Mr. Dawes' colors to the front in two events—the Trial stakes and the \$250 purse, in both of which the game little filly held her own easily. Belle of Orange, when she got to going, galloped off with the Juvenile stakes with two lengths to spare.

The great road race between the Toronto Bicycle club and the Wanderers was no child's play. There were 50 miles of hard riding to be done, and the attempt tried the grit and nerve of every man who rode. It also proved that no matter what the reputation of a rider may be he cannot compete with a less speedy man if not in condition. With all things being equal as regards physical trim, there is scarcely a doubt that the result would have been in favour of the Wanderers, as the ten men sent out to represent the club are racers every one of them, and record holders most of them. That is the reason why the defeated team were such favourites before the race. On the other hand, the Torontos had not quite so much reputation for speed, but they had confidence in their staying powers and their strength, and they took no chances about not being in condition. Now, the Wanderers, with the exception of three or four, were in no condition at all; it was not a case of the tortoise and the hare, exactly, but there were some very similar features in both stories. As one Toronto authority puts it—it was a battle of endurance against reputation, and endurance won by the comfortable majority of sixteen points. The Wanderers' crack rider, Foster, fell from his wheel exhausted. He was assisted to remount, but fainted as he finished. Capt. Gerrie also had a fainting spell, but he finished in eighth place, and most of the other riders were pretty well used up. The course was on the Kingston road, starting from the top of Norway Hill, to Highland Creek and return. This course was gone over twice, and every point of vantage was occupied by wheelmen and vehicles of all descriptions, while at different points the partisans of both clubs were thickly scattered and supplied with refreshments for the exhausted riders and tools to repair an injured wheel. The following table will tell the story of the race better than any description:

	Torontos.	Wanderers.	Time.
1 Nasmith.....	20	..	2.52
2—McClelland.....	19	..	2.58
3—Robins.....	18	..	2.59
4—Wilson.....	..	17	2.59 1/2
5—Hurdall.....	16	..	3.01
6—Hunter.....	..	15	3.06
7—Darby.....	..	14	3.07
8—Gerrie.....	..	13	3.07
9—Miln.....	12	..	3.10 1/2
10—Whatmough.....	11	..	3.11
11—Bulley.....	10	..	3.13 1/2
12—Foster.....	..	9	3.13 1/2
13—Brimer.....	..	8	3.15
14—Doll.....	..	7	3.20
15—Harstone.....	..	6	3.22
16—Bert Brown.....	..	5	3.25
17—Fisk Johnston.....	4	..	3.26 1/2
18—Shaw.....	..	3	3.26 1/2
19—Chandler.....	2
20—West.....	1
Majority for Toronto, 16.	113	97	

The Capitals during the past season have been praised beyond their merits as regards their prowess on the field. In fact they have been looked upon as able to whip anything outside of the very best. It was even said that the senior Ottawas were afraid to meet them. Then the Crescents were to have a match with them, but apparently the Crescents had not reputation enough to play with the Capitals, so they arranged a match with the Shamrocks, and they received a very marked defeat from a senior team with a couple of juniors playing. The score of three to two looks fairly favourable, but it does not show the merits of the match, because the Shamrocks had much the best of the play all the way through. There has been some talk of the Capitals attempting to enter the senior league next season. I would advise them to stay just where they are for a little while, after seeing Saturday's match. They are not in the same class with the senior clubs now playing, and even if they were, it is very doubtful if Ottawa is big enough to support two teams.

Well, the Cornwalls have had a pretty straight string of victories in the league series, having suffered only one defeat and that at the hands of the Torontos. They wound up their season by putting a coat of whitewash on the Ottawas that will be as hard to get off as are tar and feathers. On Saturday Cornwall undoubtedly was the better team; that goes without saying; but it was not so much better that Ottawa should not have scored at all. Here is just where perseverance tells. The visitors saw they were beaten when Cornwall had scored three games; they knew their case was hopeless, and they completely lost heart. It is the uphill fight and the forlorn hope that indicates grit and nerve. These qualities the Ottawas did not seem to possess, so they quietly went to pieces and played without heart or vim. Result—six to nothing. The sticks can now be packed away till the spring. The men from under the shade of the Parliament Buildings started out fairly well, but their ending has been inglorious. However, they have one consolation, and that is, that there are two clubs behind them in the race.

The decision arrived at by the committee of delegates representing the senior league clubs, was not altogether an unexpected one, and it was not altogether a logical one either, because, without splitting hairs, it would appear that if the date of one match might be changed so might another. But the committee thought otherwise. The meeting was simply to decide on the letter of protest from the Shamrock club, requesting that the Montreal and Cornwall clubs be ordered not to play an exhibition match on the same day as a championship match. But, as the Shamrocks had postponed their match outside of what the committee thought the regular season, it was decided that the Montreal and Cornwall clubs could play their match. There are enough people in Montreal to patronize two senior struggles, and it is probable that both will have a fair share.

The Junior League series is over and the Hawthornes are the proud possessors of the championship. Comparatively little attention has been paid to these junior matches, but to those who only think it worth their while to attend the star games, I would say that they have missed some good lacrosse. A more experienced club is liable to sink a little when the odds are away against them, but these juniors have a sort of faculty of never knowing when they are whipped, and their matches are as close, and sometimes more exciting than senior ones. The Junior Championship series developed into a splendid struggle between the Athletics and the Hawthornes; both teams only lost one match during the season and that was to each other. The result was naturally a tie, which was played off on Saturday. Both clubs mustered in their strength, and such a lacrosse match was played as would do credit to older players. But the Hawthornes were just a shade too much for the Athletics, and with a score of three to one, the former carried off the Junior League honours of the season.

The plan of giving lacrosse clubs trips after the season is over is one that is thoroughly enjoyed by the players, and is only a small reward after the hard work of a season. It is understood that both the Shamrocks and Montrealers are endeavouring to arrange dates in some of the leading cities of the United States. The Montrealers will in all likelihood look for the same pleasant route which they travelled three or four years ago, namely: From Montreal straight to Washington, back to Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, Boston, and thence home to Montreal. What the route of the Shamrock club will be has not yet been decided; in fact, in neither tour have definite arrangements been made, but it is probable that the wearers both of the green and the grey will have an autumn outing.

Toronto, notwithstanding its excellence in lacrosse and athletics, has of late years been considerably behind the times in the matter of athletics; but it looks just now as if a new era was about to begin. Else why should such a shrewd business man as Mr. McConnell, of Toronto, spend \$10,000 in fixing up the old baseball grounds, so that they can be used for all athletic purposes. He promises to have as good a cinder path as money can procure and a gymnasium that will be equally useful in winter or summer. Toronto needs an institution of this sort, and it is altogether likely that Mr. McConnell's new venture will be duly appreciated.

There has been considerable discussion as to the merits of the kite-shaped track, but there can be only one opinion as to its adaptability for producing speed. The track at Kankakee, Ill., is particularly fortunate, as it remained for it to be the territory where Axtell's great record was broken, Nelson doing the mile in not the most favourable of conditions in 2.11½, which just knocks half a second off the old record. Owners with stallions anxious to get a low mark of course flock to such a track. There is one thing strange about it—that this shaped course should not have been utilized before. For years the effete old Dutchmen in Amsterdam have recognized the pattern as the easiest for fast work in skating, but it is only recently that horsemen have thought fit to adopt it. Verily, there is something to be learned from the old world yet.

The pneumatic tire seems to be playing the mischief with all calculations as to speed, and even the horsemen, who are accustomed to split seconds at the quarters, are getting uneasy as to the time when the bicycle fiend will look over his shoulder as he leaves behind the crack equine with a mark of 2.17 or less. Even Mr. Bonner, that most enthusiastic admirer of the trotting horse, has acknowledged that in any distance over three miles the wheel can give the trotter a lot of allowance and beat him. The wonderful work of Willie Windle at Peoria astonished the horsemen, when, from a standing start, he covered the half in 1.10 3/5, but the pace made by Laurie for one quarter at Charter Oak Park was 31 secs., a 2.04 gait. There is a good deal of food for thought in these few figures, and there are quite a number of people who think that even for the mile there are not many years to come before the wheel will overtake the mark of the Queen of the Turf.

Bicycling records are still being hammered away at and nobody can tell when this smashing is going to stop. A despatch from London says that several more marks were laid away on the shelf for broken things last week. Every mark from 6 miles up to 22 miles was lowered, the latter distance being done in 59 min. 6 1/5 secs. The 50 miles has also been ridden in 2 hours 38 minutes 3 seconds, being 54 seconds better than the previous best time. The 100 mile tricycling record has been reduced to 6 hours 40 minutes 22 seconds, while in 12 hours' continuous riding 164 miles was covered, being 5½ miles better than the previous record.

There seems hardly a doubt now but that next year will see the most representative team of American cricketers cross the Atlantic. Mr. Crowhurst, who was in England looking after the interests of the All-American Eleven, has returned home and speaks in the most sanguine way of his reception in England. The arrangements are that three matches will be played with England, one each with the Gentleman Players, North and South of England, Oxford and Cambridge Universities, all the first-class counties, and several of the second-class teams to fill in the complete list. The Americans have also been invited to visit the Antipodes, and it would not be out of the range of probabilities if the invitation were accepted.

Long distance paddling races may next be looked for as a regular institution. The short distances that have heretofore represented superiority with the double or single blade have to a certain extent become monotonous, and in canoeing, as in everything else, the cracks are turning their attention to tests of endurance. Two Bradford tandems had a twelve-mile race on Tuesday last. Messrs. F. Bloomfield and A. Frank comprised one crew, which beat Messrs. F. Frank and A. Mackenzie. It must have been a remarkable race to have only two canoe lengths difference at the finish in such a long stretch.

The M. A. A. Chess club met on Tuesday evening, when the principal business was the election of officers, which resulted as follows:—President, Mr. C. H. Levin; first vice-president, Mr. C. A. Jacques; second vice-president, Mr. L. J. Smith; secretary-treasurer, Mr. G. Falconer; committee—Messrs. W. J. Anderson, J. W. Shaw, J. D. Cameron, C. W. Lindsay and P. Barry.

The Rugby football season practically opened in Hamilton on Saturday last, when a friendly match was played between the Hams and the Y.M.C.A. If anything can be judged from the form shown in this match, the Hamiltons will be easy victims to the more experienced and heavier fiftens they will be obliged to meet this fall. There is some good material, but it is a little of the light order, and that is a big drawback, especially among the rushers.

Three years in succession has Mr. P. D. Ross won the Lansdowne silver tankard for single sculls, and the handsome trophy is now his personal property. No more genuine sportsman ever sat in a boat than Phil, as he is familiarly known, and, his hosts of friends both in Ontario and Quebec will congratulate him.

The Toronto Hunt Club races will have no sprints at the annual meeting on October 11th, the shortest distance being the mile and a furlong in the Hunter's flat.

R. O. X.

Rudyard Kipling.

Rudyard Kipling writes for men, not women, and for full-grown men at that. Occasionally an Indian native is his theme, but generally it is Tommy Atkins he delights in presenting. Just as Dumas made his "Mousquetaires," so has Kipling created those three "genial blackguards"—Mulvaney, Ortheria, and Learoyd. Jolly companions are they, and fast friends, and when they are in a campaign there is the deuce to pay. Mr. Kipling has a way of writing which makes his work as sharp and clear as is the click of a breech-loader when you work the mechanism, and as to the effect of his short sentences, they crack like the discharge of a Martini. The three Tommies have little of the Achilles about them, nor are they exactly Hector. They are real fighting soldiers, primitive men, and as soldiers should be, that is, as gun-firing or bayonet-plunging creatures, they know best the physical, not the sentimental, part of life. Mulvaney tells his stories with a swing and a go to them. He is an Irish impressionist in words, and a true hero. "The Man Who Was" is the saddest history of a fallen creature that we ever read. God knows whether there is or is not a germ of truth in the story of an English officer held prisoner by the Russians and sent to exile in Siberia, and whipped and scourged until all the manliness had been welked out of him. There is exceeding cleverness in this one sentence of Kipling's: "It is only when he (the Russian) insists upon being treated as the most Easterly of Western peoples, instead of the most Westerly of Easterns, that he becomes a racial anomaly extremely difficult to handle. The host never knows which side of his nature is going to turn up next." "Without Benefit of Clergy," the romance of the love of an Englishman for a native girl, is enchanting in grace and shows how delicate this talented author can be when the poetical humour is on him. A difficult subject has been treated with uncommon nicety. In the last story, Mulvaney assumes the rôle of the god worshipped at the shrine, and, true to his character, he could not help but sing to his dusky worshippers:

"Only say
You'll be Mrs. Brallaghan,
Don't say nay
Charmin' Judy Callaghan."

Then the climax is reached.

Mr. Andrew Lang writes a highly-polished and lustrous preface to "The Courting of Dinah Shadd," but it has that hard, iridescent sheen which belongs to mother of pearl. Mr. Lang is not the least in sympathy with that roystering youngster who wrote "The Taking of Lung-tungpen." Mr. Lang never, probably, could be made to appreciate what was "a scutt," applied to a human being, any more than could "the Mother Superior of a convent."

A very extraordinary and original person is this young gentleman from Bombay, and what he has written so far is quite likely to leave its impress on the method of writing fiction to-day. Slang! Why, soldiers' argot flavours as does an onion the Mulvaney mouth, but, then, every now and then there drops from those onion and tobacco lips a pearl of price. Mr. Lang doubts whether Europe is the place for Mr. Kipling. "There are other continents in which I can imagine that his genius would find a more exhilarating air and more congenial materials." If Mr. Lang means that the author of "The Courting of Dinah Shadd" and a thousand other stories would be more at home in the United States than in Great Britain, Mr. Lang shows his acumen. Let, then, Mulvaney "disperse himself most notoriously in several volumes," for the American public is quite prepared to understand him.—N.Y. Times.

The Sacred Books of the World.

These are the Koran of the Mohammedans, the Tri Pitikes of the Buddhists, the Five Kings of the Chinese, the three Vedas of the Hindus, the Zendavesta of the Persians, and the Scriptures of the Christians.

The Koran is the most recent, dating from about the seventh century after Christ. It is a compound of quotations from both the Old and New Testaments, and from the Talmud.

The Tri Pitikes contain sublime morals and pure aspirations. Their author lived and died in the sixth century before Christ.

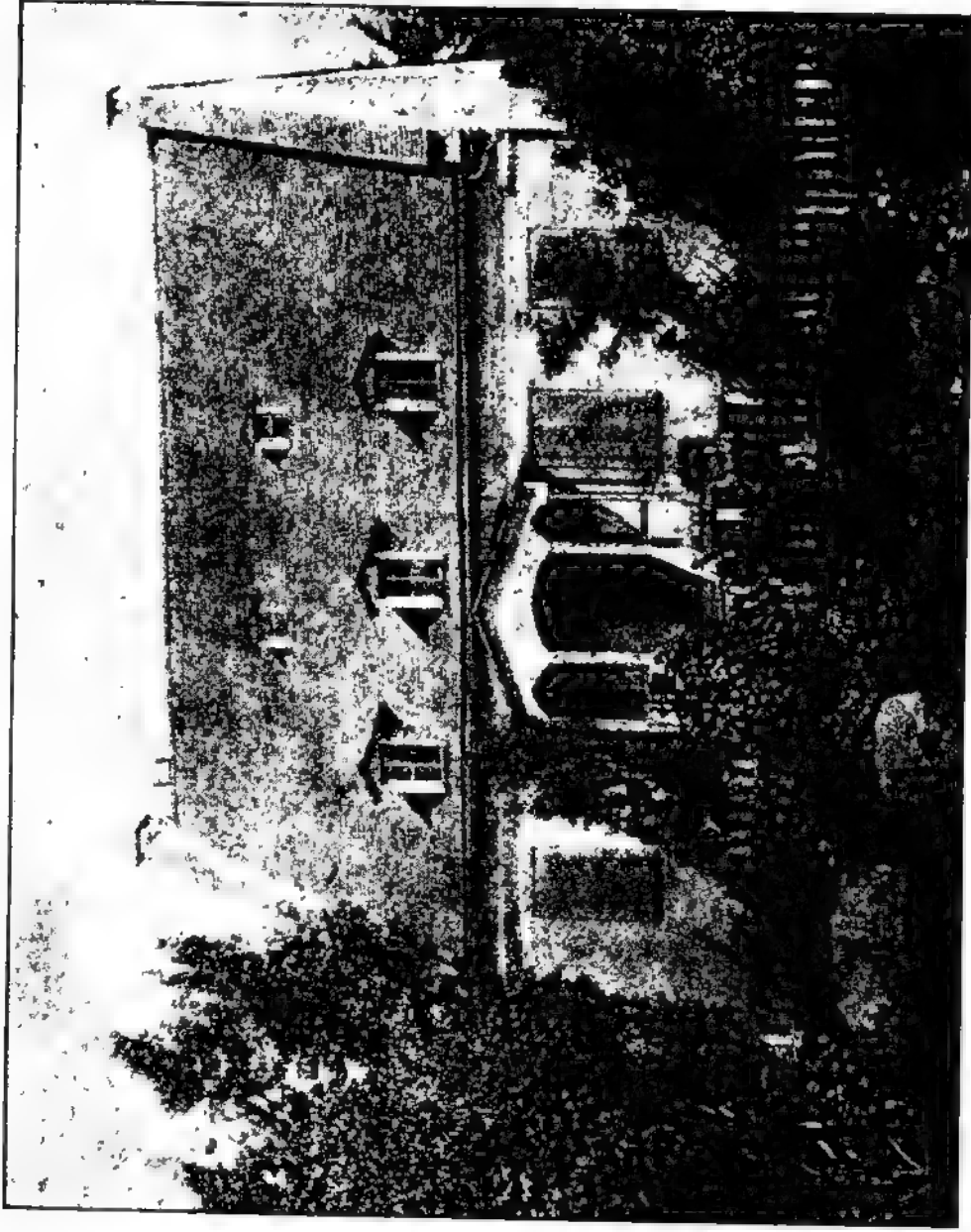
The sacred writings of the Chinese are called the Five Kings, the word "kings" meaning web of cloth. From this it is presumed that they were originally written on five rolls of cloth. They contain wise sayings from the sages, on the duties of life, but they cannot be traced further back than the eleventh century before our era.

The Vedas are the most ancient books in the language of the Hindus, but they do not, according to late commentators, antedate the twelfth century before Christ.

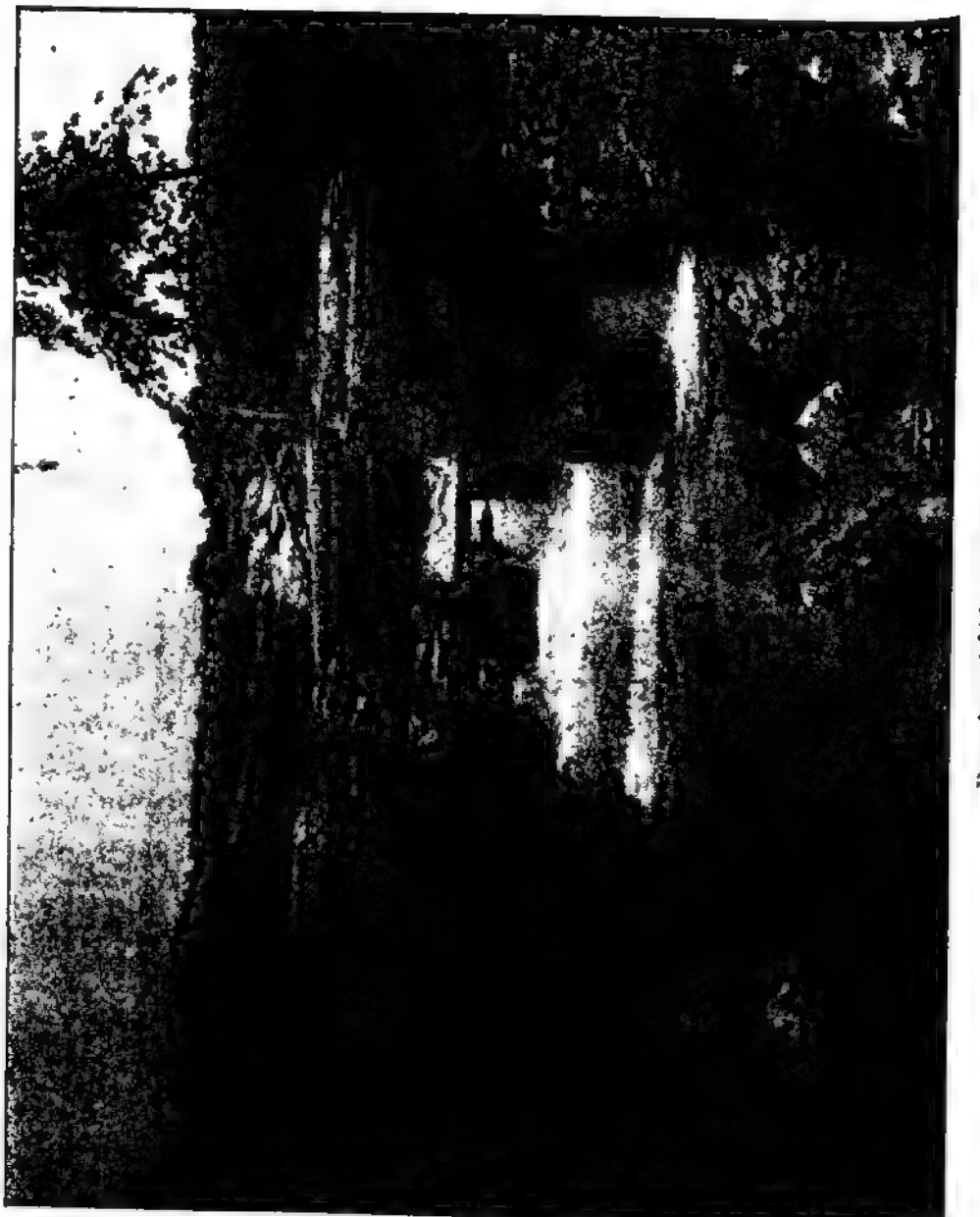
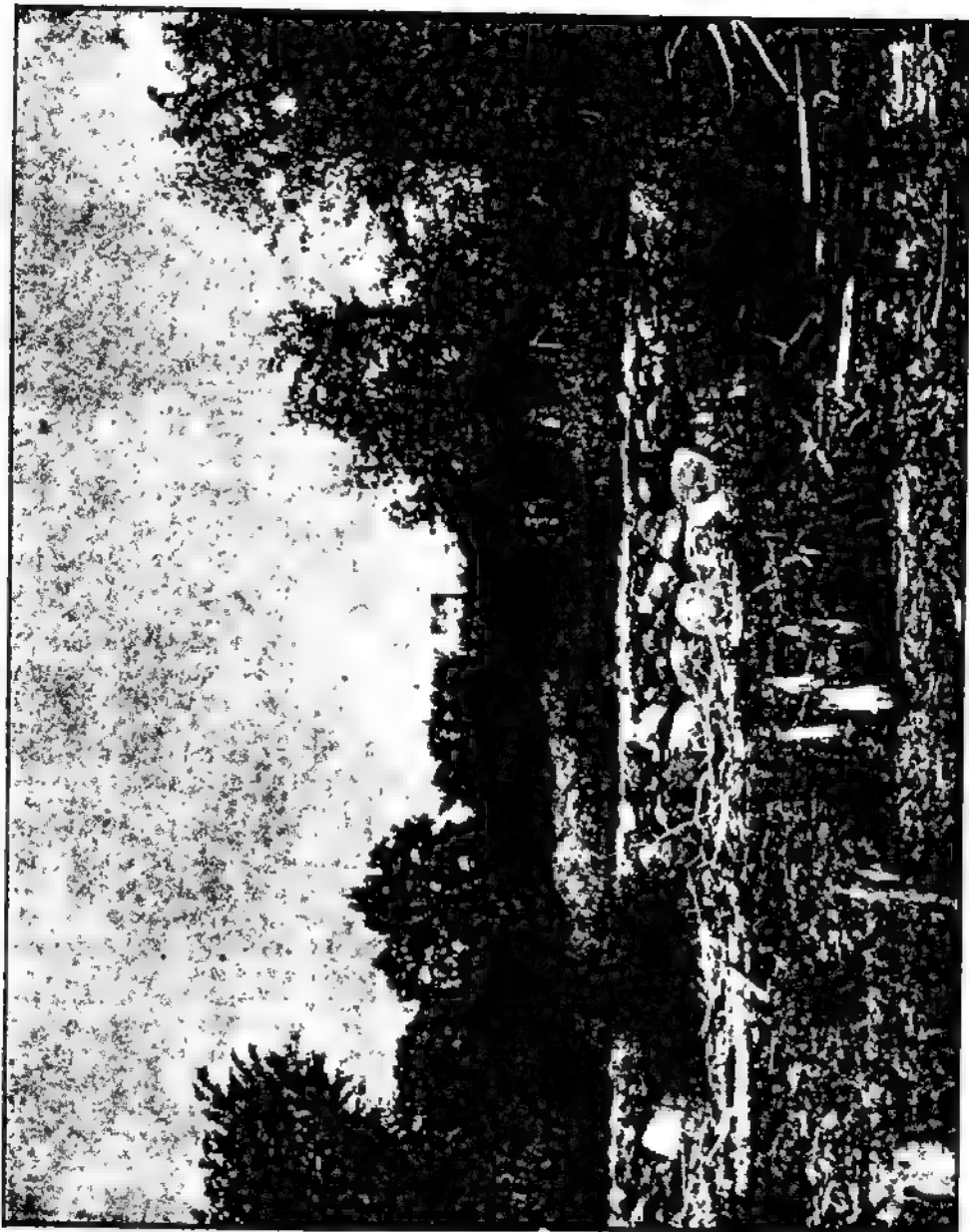
The Zendavesta of the Persians, next to our Bible, is reckoned among scholars as being the greatest and most learned of the sacred writings. Zoroaster, whose sayings it contains, lived and worked in the twelfth century before Christ.

Moses lived and wrote the Pentateuch fifteen hundred years before the birth of the meek and lowly Jesus; therefore, that portion of our Bible is at least three hundred years older than the most ancient of other sacred writings.

The Eddas, a semi-sacred work of the Scandinavians, was first given to the world in the fourteenth century, A.D.

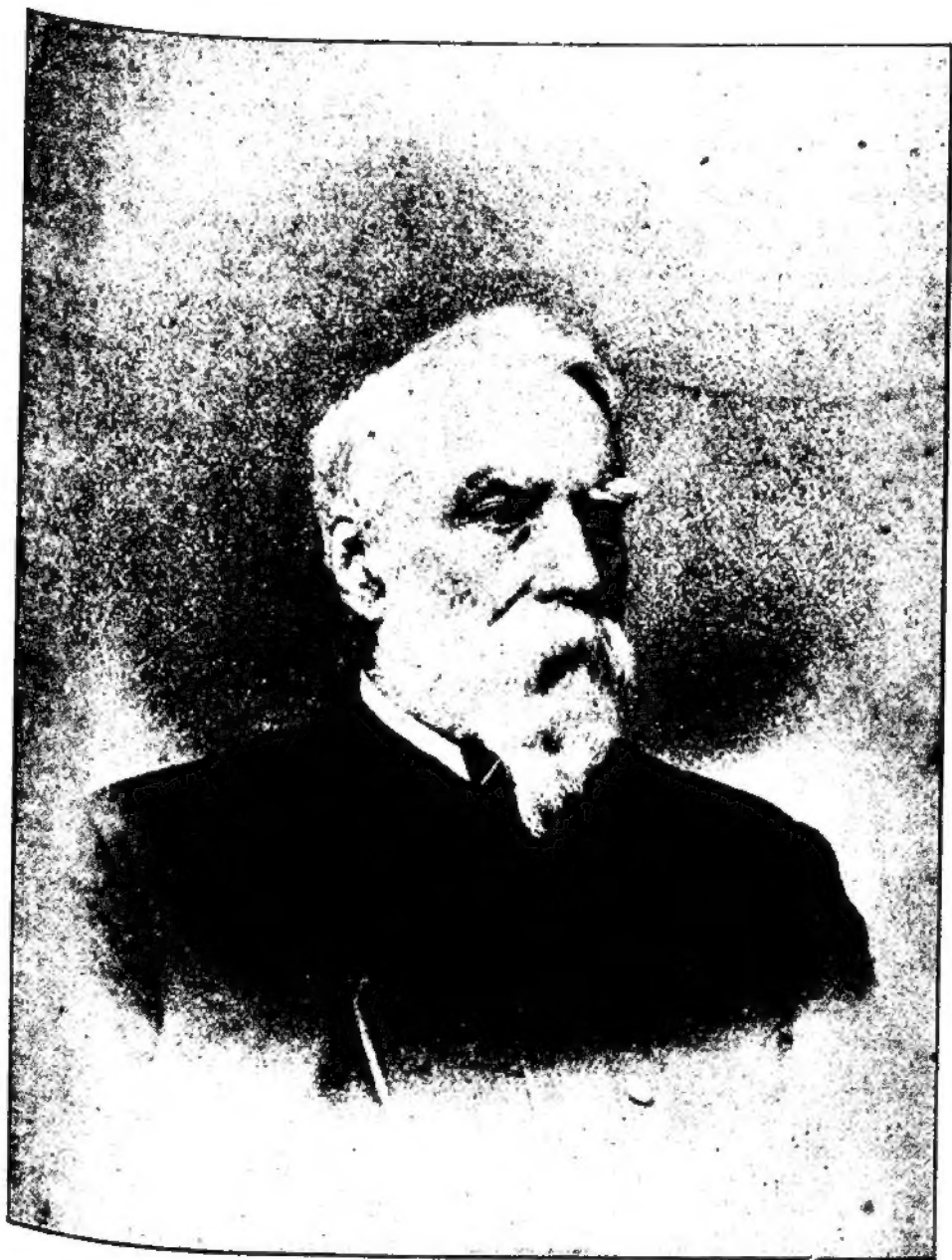


House occupied by Moore, the poet.
Ruins near residence of Hon. Mr. Abbott.



Remains of Old French Fort.
The old canal.

VIEWS AT STE. ANNE'S, P.Q. (Photos. supplied by J. R. Gardiner, Esq.)



W. KINGSFORD Esq., C. E., LL. D.



WM. WHYTE, Esq.



HAY-MAKING NEAR SALTCOATS, ASSINIBOIA.

In the Jungle.

The rainy season was well advanced when we started on our return journey from the beautiful little hill station of P— in the Central Provinces. A steady downpour of rain had been falling for days, shrouding the mountain tops in an impenetrable curtain of fog and drenching everything. Many of the bungalows in the station were closed and tenantless, as the first rainfall was the signal for the English officers and their families to return to the plains. Therefore, the neat, well-kept little sanatorium presented somewhat of the aspect of Goldsmith's "Deserted Village."

Our travelling conveyance was of the ordinary kind in use in India—a large covered waggon drawn by a pair of stout Indian bullocks. Our driver, who was perched on his seat in front, wrapped in his coarse blanket, was a stolid-looking Hindoo, who occasionally spoke to his oxen in a tone of brotherly admonition; but when we urged him to mend their slow pace he relapsed into the most provoking indifference. We had to cross a shallow river on our route, and we were anxious to reach the stream before nightfall, but the more vehemently we urged him to hasten the more sullen he became, until we were fain to desist and let him have his own way entirely.

As we slowly descended the spiral mountain road, the rain ceased, and we caught glimpses through the trees of what seemed like some terrestrial paradise, or a fairy scene in the panorama of cloudland. The magnificent landscape was partially veiled by the blue curtain of mist, but this slowly lifted, and we obtained a momentary glimpse of distant, lofty mountain peaks, bathed in golden sunlight. A narrow, shining thread like a silver ribbon, showed the course of the river, as it wound through the valley; while the mountain slopes were covered with the richest, softest verdure. Sometimes our road wound through the thicket where gigantic creepers twined around the forest giants, and tree ferns in abundance covered the branches. Wild flowers perfumed the air, and mountain brooklets trickled musically over dainty velvet mosses and delicate ferns. Far away the shrill clarion of the hillcock, or the song of the mountaineer, awoke the woodland solitude and echoed from range to range with strange distinctness in the still, clear air.

The shadows were beginning to lengthen when we left the small wayside bungalow at the foot of the hill, where we had halted, and there were still five miles to traverse ere we reached the river, so that the short day was closing in the darkness of night when we came within sight of the stream, where the native boatmen were waiting to take us across. It was as we feared, however. The Hindoos informed us that the river was so shallow it would be impossible to cross that night. Here was a dilemma. We entreated them to make the effort, and they complied so far as to shove the boat out into the river. We hoped that we still might be able to cross, when, to our dismay, the little craft grated upon the sand, and finally stuck fast, notwithstanding the efforts of the boatmen. Night in an Indian jungle, on a frail river boat, while at any moment the rain might pour down in torrents! To make the matter worse, our boatmen were deserting us and returning to the shore. We expostulated with them on such conduct, and the offer of extra pay for their services brought them back. The oxen had been allowed to swim to the other side, and it was suggested that they should be brought back, and, our conveyance being made ready, we could ride across the shallow stream. This was done, but when we had taken our seats preparatory to a fresh start, the tired oxen, wearied with their already long journey, utterly refused to stir. Were ever unfortunate travellers in a worse plight? We had about given up in despair when a bright thought occurred to our boatmen. They could carry us over one by one. We were ready to grasp at a straw, and we consented to this novel mode of transit.

Wet and weary, we were landed safely on the opposite bank, but we had still many miles of lonely road to traverse ere we reached the nearest railway station, and we must journey on or pass the night in the jungle.

After waiting about an hour, and having procured a fresh team, we again started on our journey. The full moon had now risen, and we jogged slowly along, little dreaming of the dangers yet in store for us. The creaking of the ox-cart or the voice of the driver speaking to his team, were all the sounds we heard for many miles, as the road skirted the jungle all the way. We were drowsy with fatigue and little inclined for conversation with each other, but we were suddenly roused by the oxen coming to a dead halt, and before we could inquire the cause of the stoppage the driver put his face close to the little window and said in a stage whisper to one of my travelling companions: "A tiger, Mem Sahib." The horrors of that night had culminated in a new danger; for, crouching on the roadside, within a few feet of the oxen was a full-grown tiger, plainly discernible in the moonlight. No sound escaped us. We were dumb with terror, especially as the driver was in a most perilous position on his seat outside, and any instant the tiger might spring upon the oxen, while the poor animals stood trembling in every limb.

At length, with the graceful movements peculiar to the tiger he bounded across the little nullah on the roadside and again crouched, eyeing us suspiciously, while we watched his every movement with breathless interest. After alternately running and crouching for some distance, he gave one more look towards us, then cantered gracefully away into the jungle, leaving us to breathe freely, thanking God for our deliverance from the ferocious beast. We scarcely knew how the remainder of the journey passed

until we found ourselves safely lodged in the travellers' bungalow, whence we were to start next morning by rail for our station up country.

TARA.

Traveling in Ceylon.

At five o'clock my equipage was announced—a native two-wheeled cart without springs, built of the wood of the coconut palm, the broad leaves interlaced forming a roof, excellent for shade, but unreliable as a protection from the rain. Within strewn leaves made a seat by day, a couch by night.

A quantity of necessary impedimenta were slung beneath the cart. Item: a large bag of rice and some loaves of bread. Item: two coops containing a number of live fowls. Item: a great pot, a couple of chatties, and a few cooking utensils. Besides these provisions I carried a small private hoard—a flask of brandy, a bottle of doubtful port wine, a tin of cocoa, a pot of jam. The cart was drawn by two bullocks, yoked together, the reins passing through their nostrils.

Of my two servants the driver was the more distinguished, as became his maturer years. The cook did not lean to the side of extravagance in dress—it consisted only of an ancient strip of cloth round his loins—whereas his elder wore in addition a venerable wisp of ragged fringed shawl over his shoulders, and a dirty cloth wound about his head added importance to his stature. Both wore gold earrings, and the liberal use of oil, with which their black skins shone, amply compensated for the dirt beneath.

In point of linguistic accomplishments my driver was first, I second, and the cook a bad third, as he—poor fellow!—knew only his own language. I stood firmly by one word of the greatest usefulness, viz., *shurika*—make haste—while the driver proudly addressed me as "sare," and could say "yes" and "no." With regard to two words we met on common ground—the one "currie," the other "cheroot," for our word comes from the Tamil verb "cherooto"—to roll, together—referring to the manipulation of the tobacco leaf.

Dressed in a flannel shirt and trousers, with a light helmet on my head and white umbrella in my hand to protect me from the sun, I led the van on foot. Kangaroo leggings served me as a protection against land leeches, whose terrible attack on the traveller through the jungle is only made known by the blood trickling down his legs. So small as to be unnoticed, these little pests scent the wayfarer afar off, and, springing upon him in dozens, crawl up his extremities and fasten on his flesh. Any attempt to pull them off makes them cling the tighter, but they are amenable to tobacco smoke.—*The Gentleman's Magazine*.

A Paddle Up Shadow River, Muskoka.

The entrance to Shadow River is very unobtrusive. The eye searching round that part of the lakeshore might easily overlook it altogether, and when in answer to the question "Where is it?" a modest strip of green rushes is pointed out, not far from the little settlement of Rousseau, one is conscious of a feeling of disappointment. What! that Shadow River, so bepraised by tourists, one of the notable features of Muskoka scenery! Why, seen from the outside, it seems scarcely to deserve the name of river, but looks much more like a stream or even a marshy cut into the country. I started on my exploring trip while the sun was still high, as I had been told a little sunlight on the water helped the reflections greatly, and paddling my way leisurely through the rushes, I found myself in a mouth calm as a lily pond and a good deal overgrown with water-plants of various kinds. Just at first there are no trees worth speaking of, and the banks are flat and insignificant, which is, perhaps, a ruse of the cunning little river to allay expectation and make the coming surprise all the greater. Presently trees begin to make their appearance on either side, now a cedar, or maple, or birch, or tall, ragged-looking pine, one of the kind that clothe with dark foliage so many of the shores and islands of Muskoka, and a few seconds after I seemed to be magically suspended between two worlds, the one around and about me, and the other beneath. There, far under the canoe, was the blue sky, crossed by bars and streaks of soft, white cirrus cloud, the delicate markings clearly visible; while flying across (was it very high up or deep, deep down?) I saw the dark form of some kind of bird thrown out against the paler sky. Nearer, tall trees leaned their branches towards me, leaves, twigs and boughs so marvellously distinct that it seemed as if a downward grasp would certainly reach them, and not only trees, but inverted lily patches lay just under the still, smooth water, and downward growing clumps of ferns and water-flags, so minute and perfect that the eye travelled back amazedly to the surface, as if to make sure that everything had not got topsyturvy in some funny fashion. Moved by an irresistible impulse, I dipped my paddle into the water and set this shadow world in strange quivering motion. The branches moved tremulously up and down, while logs, leafless boughs and exposed roots twisted, crawled and writhed in a weird alive way, suggestive, somehow, of Doré's tree pictures. I paddled on, thoroughly fascinated by the scene beneath me, which had the inexplicable charm of a wonderfully real illusion. The water was so still as to have almost an arrested, spell-bound look, and the banks could hardly be prettier. Low, and for the most part thickly wooded with overhanging trees and anchorages of yellow lilies and blue and white flowers growing close in, they wound hither and thither,

letting one into the prettiest watery nooks and corners. Now the river turned into a sort of green elbow where the trees were crowded together, and the canoe floated over a delicate tracery of leaves and branches, then it took a twist into more open ground and one got a glimpse of uneven country with, perhaps, a fence or house in the background. At one part some Peter Bell, indifferent to scenery, has cut the trees to the water's edge, leaving the little river nothing but a regiment of stumps to mirror. It is strange the distance back to which the banks are reflected. One sees not merely the trees and bushes growing close to the shore, but the confused thicket behind, and where there is no wood quite a long stretch of country. I remember noticing a house in the water once, and in looking up for the real Simon Pure I was astonished to find it on some rising ground a considerable distance off; certainly a couple of stonethrows. This sort of indefinite perspective adds greatly to the charm of the picture, and sets the eye and imagination roving. Magical is the word that comes oftenest to the lips as you float on and on, gazing into the shadow world below. It brings back the almost forgotten enchantments of the Arabian Nights, the tales of wonder and romance that youth delights in. We become visionaries again. Life seems to slip off some of its sober common sense, its meagre realizations, and become once more a wonderful shadow river, full of beautiful illusions, of fascinating vistas, of possibilities just beyond our reach but surely to be attained some day, and as we drift on dreaming and wondering until, perhaps, the canoe runs against a snag, one of a treacherous host lurking in this calm little river; there is a sudden jolt, almost an upset, and we paddle on the wiser and wariest for our little bit of real experience. Although one naturally, if not very sensibly, expects what reflects well to be transparent, the water of Shadow River is intensely black in colour, probably owing to some peculiar formation of the bottom. I sounded a boatman of the vicinity on the subject but got nothing for my pains but a dubious shake of the head and the answer, "Some folks say it's black mud and some folks rock," and as to the depth he knew nothing at all, or thought, perhaps, a confession of its shallowness would lessen the wonder of the reflections. The river is crossed by bridges at irregular intervals, and perhaps the shadows are most beautiful between the first and second of these. I paddled under three, and there was rumour of a fourth farther up the country; but the sun had disappeared, the veritable shadows were falling, and, turning the canoe toward the mouth of the river I made my way back, more intent, let me confess it, on the sunken logs and dimly seen snags that make the danger of the little stream than even its reflections.

J. E. SMITH.

Why Oil Calms the Sea.

The action of oil in calming the sea is now so generally recognized, says the London *Nautical Magazine*, that the new rules as to life-saving appliances, to go into effect Nov. 1, require that every boat of seagoing vessels, and all lifeboats shall carry "one gallon of oil and a vessel of approved pattern for distributing it on the water in rough weather." The potency of oil in smoothing waves was recently explained by Lord Rayleigh before the royal institution in a lucid lecture. This well known scientist's experiment's demonstrate that foam or froth is caused by impurities in liquids. Thus, on shaking up a bottle containing pure water we get no appreciable foam, but, taking a mixture of water with 5 per cent. of alcohol, there is a much greater tendency to foam. Camphor, glue and gelatine dissolved in water greatly increase its foaming qualities, and soap still more. Lord Rayleigh finds that sea water foams, not on account of its saline matter, but in consequence of the presence of something extracted by wave action from seaweeds. By simply putting his finger in water which was moving vigorously under the influence of a few camphor scrapings, the contamination of the water by the infinitesimal amount of grease sufficed to form an invisible film over it, and to neutralize the foaming action produced by the dissolved camphor.

The effect of oil on waves, as several physicists have proved, is not to subdue the huge swell, but to smooth and tone down its ripples, each of which gives the wind a point d'appui, thus increasing the force of the breaking waves. "The film of oil," says Lord Rayleigh, "may be compared to an inextensible membrane floating on the surface of the water and hampering its motion." As long as the advancing, tumultuous sea water is pure there is nothing to oppose its periodic contractions and extensions, but when its surface is covered with the oily membrane the most dangerous contractions and extensions are impossible.

The scientific demonstration of the sea-quelling virtue of oil is worthy of note by all sailors. It is fortunate for them that Lord Raleigh has accomplished this at a time when ocean storms, and especially tropical hurricanes, are likely soon to tax the seaman's art to the utmost in saving his craft from destruction.

A Duke's Vast Domain.

The Duke of Northumberland is one of the largest landed proprietors in Great Britain. To say nothing of his ownings in London, his possessions in Surrey, Middlesex and Northumberland aggregate 200,000 acres, with a rent-roll of \$875,000 a year. In Northumberland alone he owns five castles, but it is said that the largest part of his enormous income is derived from his proprietary interest in Drummond's bank. The Marquis of Salisbury, Premier at present, owns 20,000 acres, and, as much of his real estate lies in London, he is very, very rich.

Succa Lake.

One of the pleasantest features of Muskoka scenery to the rambler is the number of little lakes scattered here and there about the larger ones, miniatures of their big sisters, as it were, reproducing on a smaller scale the same formation of rocky or thickly wooded shore. One of the prettiest of these is Silver Lake, near Port Carling, but there was another I fancied still more in the neighbourhood of Rousseau, Succa Lake I think it was called, after something (was it fish or mollusk?) found in its waters. I came upon it unexpectedly one morning after a ramble in the woods along one of the paths so common to Muskoka, green and tangled, and just wild enough to make one feel the advisability of sticking to it and not straying either to the right or left. There is a charm more easily felt than defined in tracking a path and seeing where it leads to, if it be not too well beaten a one, and there was something of playful caprice, almost of moodishness about this one as it strayed hither and thither, now plunging into the heart of the wood, then emerging into a clearing, where one was sure to find raspberries, now skirting delicately round a marshy place, or jumping lightly a cross-path or road perhaps of the picturesque corduroy description. I sauntered on, stooping every now and then to gather a pretty fern, or a cute little fungus jutting from the side of a sunken tree or lingering to admire the mosses that grow in such beauty and variety in these Muskoka solitudes, when all at once the wood grew thinner and I came out on the shores of a solitary little lake. Something in its desolateness pleased me. There was not a sight or sound of anything human, not a habitation, or even lonely fisherman in boat or canoe. I sat down on a log and gazed round me with an air of possession, almost as if I were the original discoverer of the place. The shores were of the kind so common to Muskoka, never majestic or imposing, but with an irregular, unkempt beauty of their own, huge shoulder-like boulders of rock alternating with a confusion of pines and cedars growing down to the water's edge. Immediately before me stretched a flat expanse of wet sand, back of which big boulders were piled irregularly one on top of another, forming a sort of rude rampart, over the face of which gnarled and twisted cedars seemed literally to cling and crawl, thrusting their roots into the crannies and crevices for support. There was something almost human looking about the struggle and effort of their existence, and one could not help fancying that they must have more self-reliance and strength of character than their brethren growing in easier places. High up, peeping prettily out of one of the chinks where some earth had settled, I noticed a cluster of graceful little ferns. One is often surprised at the delicacy and beauty of forms of vegetation in Muskoka, not of the ferns only, but trailing wreaths and flowers. There is a shy wildness about some of the latter that makes one regret that spring, with its early blossoms is over long before the tourist season begins. On the shores of this same Succa Lake, shooting up fearlessly from the wet sand, with not even a blade of grass near, I gathered the tiniest of plants, a slender stalk not more than an inch and a half in height, destitute of leaves, and surmounted by pin-like heads of infinitesimal flowers, coloured something like lichen or gray moss. I bore it with me as a trophy of the lonely little lake hid in the woods, with its sombre-coloured water and picturesquely untidy shores.

J. E. SMITH.

Toronto Theatricals.

AGNES THOMSON.—An effort is being made to have this celebrated Canadian soprano give a concert in Montreal at an early date. She would certainly meet with an enthusiastic reception and a crowded house, particularly as her brilliant success in New York and other American cities has excited so much attention.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—We regret the action of Miss Mather in refusing to play at this house recently, on account of the equipments being insufficient. We shall not enter into the matter, as it has been fully ventilated by the newspapers; but our sympathies lie with the management of the Academy, as we feel they are blameless in the matter, and would have carried out their part of the contract in their usual business-like way.

Wedding Bells.

Mr. W. D. Lighthall, who has already made a name for himself in Canadian literature, was on the 1st inst. married, in Emmanuel Church, Montreal, to Miss Sybil C. Wilkes, daughter of the late Mr. John A. Wilkes. The ceremony was performed by the pastor of the church, Rev. W. H. Pulsford, and Mr. T. H. Lonsdale gave the bride away. The bridesmaids were Miss Isa Gibson, of Ottawa, Miss Gertrude Seymour and Miss Muriel Lonsdale. The groomsmen were Captain George Lighthall, while Mr. Fair and Mr. W. Birks acted as ushers. The presents were numerous and beautiful, among them being a china tea set of eighty-four pieces, given by the Chinese community of Montreal, whom Mr. Lighthall befriended on many occasions. Mr. and Mrs. Lighthall left last evening for Boston. May they be happy. In an early issue we hope to present our readers with a portrait of Mr. Lighthall.

The Workers of the World—Past and Present.

Every man is bound to work in some way or other. If he does not procure employment for himself, the devil, according to the learned and pious Dr. Watts, is sure to furnish it for him. Labour is one of the conditions of strength. All slothful races are weak, physically, morally, and intellectually. Go to the intertropical regions, where nature, without culture, produces all that is necessary to supply the animal wants of man, and you will find the natives deficient alike in brain and brawn. Morality is at the lowest possible ebb among the lazy tribes of hot countries—a fact that demonstrates the truth of the theory so musically propounded by our old friend Dr. Watts. It ought to be a great consolation to the work day world to know that it could thrash the play day world in a fair fight without pulling off its jacket. And yet the stalwart toilers are sometimes foolish enough to envy the effeminate do-nothings. Silly fellows, they do not know that the most valuable of all jewels are the sweet beads that fall from their own pores—most valuable, because they purchase health, vigour, and sound repose; things which all the gems of Golconda cannot buy. There is no real enjoyment save that which is fairly earned either by hand-work or head-work, or both.

It is true that the human machine may be overtasked. It sometimes is. But in these days, when the roughest portion of the world's work is done by steam-driven iron, there is no necessity, in enlightened countries, for man to overstrain his strength. Let those who are inclined to grumble at their share of the wear and tear of life, glance back into antiquity and learn to be content with their lot. The miserable ancients—the toiling class we mean—had a hard time of it. Think how the steam-engineless Egyptians must have strained their unfortunate arms and spines while piling up the Pyramids and scooping out the Catacombs—how the comparatively screwless and leverless Chinese must have ruined their constitutions in building their "Great Wall" to keep out the Tartars—and at what a cost of broken backs and contracted sinews the immense masses of rock on Salisbury Plain were brought from distant quarries and arranged in circles for the mysterious uses of Nobody-knows-who. Possibly the poor wretches of the past had more mechanical helps than we know of, but certainly they had no steam-engines. Look at the gigantic results of Roman labour as seen in the mouldering remains of the noblest aqueducts, havens, roads, and public buildings that were ever constructed. It seems incredible that these were the achievements of mere muscle. The Romans conquered the world, though—we must remember that—and that it was only when they became lazy that they lost it.

After all, there is nothing like hard work; it is the parent of greatness. We have not a very high opinion of the Turks, but they have one admirable maxim, viz., that every boy, no matter what his degree, shall be taught some handicraft, whereby, under any circumstances, he may get a living. Sultan Mahmoud was a tolerable shoemaker, and other Sultans were compelled in their youth to learn mechanical trades. The worst of it is that your Ottoman is so confoundedly indolent that, after having been taught how to earn his bread, he would almost rather starve than labour. Upon the whole, modern toilers—in civilized and Christian lands at least—can well afford to pity the fate of their brethren of long ago. Modern toilers are not sightless Samsons working in the dark and treated with scorn. They work understandingly, and live in an age where exertion is honourable and idleness disgraceful. Furthermore, mechanical power, scientifically applied, is the slave that does most of the hard jobs, and saves muscle no end of lifting, pushing, striking, and hauling. It has been well said that no illustration could more aptly show the difference between the old times and the new than the picture of the ancient galley, urged onward with tiers of flashing oars wielded by the sinewy arms of unwilling servitors, and the modern steamer propelled by the fire and water that science has made the vassals of man. Still, all of us, if we would be happy, must perform fairly and squarely the work given us to do.—*New York Ledger*.

A New Cotton Plant.

According to the last British consular report from Alexandria the chief feature of the cotton trade of Egypt during the past year was the increased cultivation of a new variety of cotton plant known as Mitafife. This plant was discovered a few seasons ago at Benha, and this is the first occasion on which it has been planted on a large scale. Although its produce is not quite so good in quality as that of the Ashomouni plant, and is of short staple, it produces a much larger proportion of cotton to seed than any other variety. At the same time it has the advantage of being earlier and less susceptible to atmospheric influences. The result of last year's experiment was so encouraging that this year a still greater area has been planted with the Mitafife cotton. In the provinces of Sharkieh, Galioubeh and Menoufieh it had been almost exclusively sown, and throughout Lower Egypt, except in the province of Dakhalieh, where, probably owing to climatic conditions, it did not succeed last year, it has to a great extent taken the place of the Ashomouni and Bamia varieties, and has almost entirely supplanted the Gallini plant.

LITTLE Miss Avnoo: What is mammas for? Little Miss de Fashion: Why, they is to scold the nurses when we make a noise.

The Police of Paris.

For some time past the police authorities have found that the number of constables placed at their disposal for the preservation of public order is insufficient for the duties imposed upon them. The Municipal Council, therefore, resolved to increase the force by 300 men, and the Government has now formally sanctioned this step, and has agreed to pay half of the expenses out of the funds of the State. The police of Paris consists of 6,000 men, without counting the Inspectors, of whom there are not very many; but in reality only about half the number mentioned is employed in the work of watching the streets. A central brigade of 400 men devotes itself exclusively to the surveillance of theatres, balls, concerts, race courses, and such like; 800 are employed at the different cab stands, in the markets, at the slaughter houses, and in duties of a similar kind, while a large number is utilized for the duties of clerks in the various police stations scattered throughout the city. As a matter of fact, little more than 3,000 men are available for ordinary street duty. The city is supposed to be divided into 1,274 "beats," representing about 900 miles of streets, and as three constables are necessary for each for the twenty-four hours, it will be seen that either many of the "beats" have been neglected or the men overworked. Even with the addition of the 300 new men, the police force is regarded by its chiefs as insufficient for the growing needs of Paris, and it must be admitted that there is much room for improvement in the supervision of the exterior districts, where street robberies and assaults are not uncommon.

Preface to Meleager's Garland.

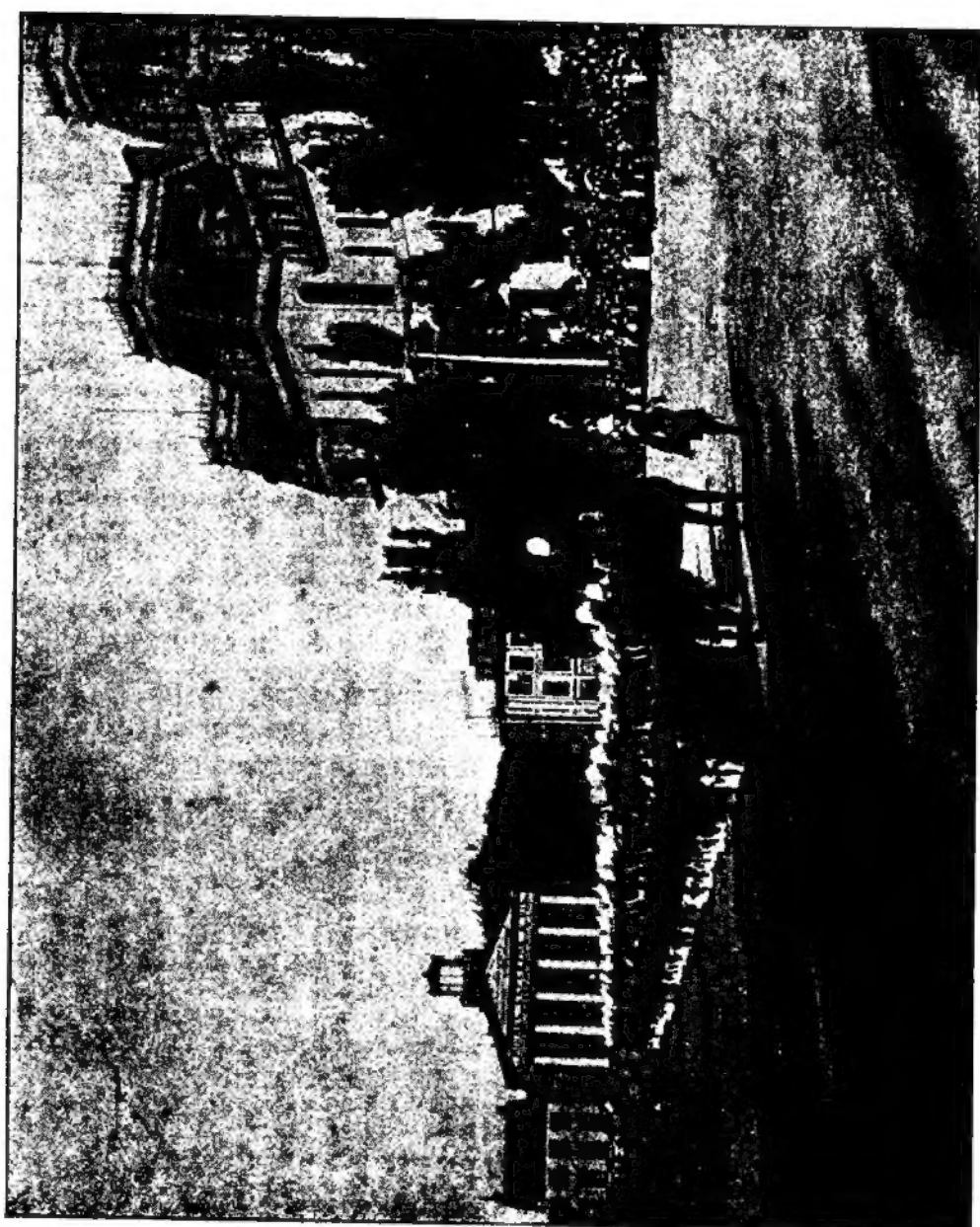
[SEE EDITOR'S TABLE.]

For whom the fruitage of this strain, my Muse?
And who among the bards hath made this wreath?
Meleager wove it, and his weaving gives
For keepsake to most noble Diocles.
Here many lilies are of Anyte,
And white lilies of Metro, many an one,
And Sappho's flowers—so few, but roses all—
And daffodils of Melanippides
Heavy with ringing hymns—and thy young branch,
Vine of Simonides, and twisted in
Nossis, thine iris flower that breathes of myrrh,
And in its tablets are Love's stores of wax.
Herewith, Rhianus' scented marjoram,
And the sweet crocus of Erinna, too,
Clear as the girl's own skin—and hyacinth,
Alcaeus' hyacinth that speaks to bards—
And a dark spray of Samius' laurel tree,
Fresh ivy-clusters of Leonidas,
And foliage of Mnasalcus' needled pine.
And from the plane-tree song of Pamphilus
He cut a branch, and with the walnut boughs
Of Pancrates he twined it, and white leaves
Of Tymnes' poplar. Nicias' green mint
And sandwort of Euphemus from the shore;
And Damagetus' purple violet,
And the sweet myrtle of Callimachus
Full of sharp honey—with Euphorion's flower.
The lychnis and, therewith, his cyclamen,
The Muses call after the sons of Zeus,
And Hegesippus' maddening grape-cluster
He set therein, and Persus' scented flag
And a sweet apple from Diotimus' tree—
Pomegranate flowers of Menecrates,
And the myrrh branches of Nicænetus,
Phænnus' flax plant—Simmias' tall wild pear.
And a few leaves he pulled of Parthenis
Her delicate meadow-parsley, and—gleanings fair
Of the honey-dropping muses—golden ears
From the wheat-harvest of Bacchylides.
And old Anacreon—that sweet strain of his,
An unsown flowerage of his nectar songs;
And the rough-white thorn of Archilochus
He gathered from the pasture—as it were.
Only a few drops from a sea of bloom—
Young shoots of Alexander's olive grown
And Polycleitus' dark blue cornflower. There
He set Polystratus the amaracus,
The poets' flower, and from Antipater
A young Phœnician cypress; and therewith
Eared Syrian spikenard which he gathered him
Out of his singing they call Hermes' gift,*
And Poseidippus too, and Hædulus—
Flowers of the field—and windflowers springing glad
In airs Sicilian,† and the golden bough
Of sacred Plato, shining in its worth.
And he threw in Aratus learned in stars,
Cutting the first spires of his heaven-high pine,
Charæmon's leafy lotus, mixing it
With fox of Phædimus and chamomile—
The crinkled oxeye—of Antagoras,
And fresh green thyme of Theodoridas—
The wine-cup's charm—and Phanies' beanflowers too,
With many shoots fresh sprung of other bards.
Adding thereto white early violets
Of his own muse. But to my friends I give
Thanks. And this gracious coronal of song
Be for all such as love these holy things.

* Hermodorus

† Possibly Asclepias.

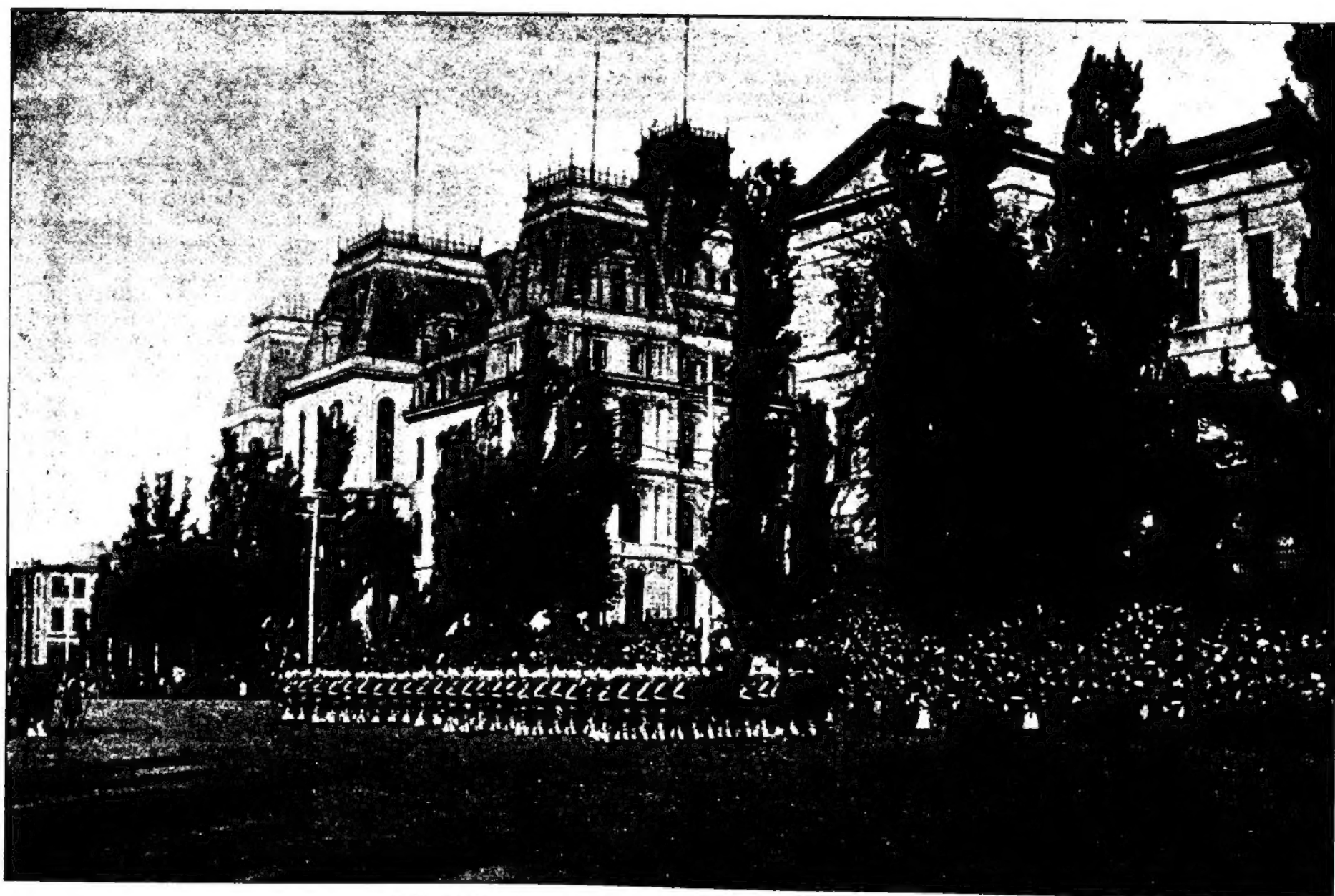
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THE BATTALION IN LINE.



SQUAD OF SIXTH FUSILIERS ON DUTY KEEPING THE GROUND.



THE BATTALION MARCHING PAST IN QUARTER-COLUMN.
 SCENES AT THE INSPECTION OF THE ROYAL SCOTS FUSILIERS, SEPTEMBER 20th, 1890.